

TRANSLATIONS
AND
POEMS

Written on several Subjects.

*Nor Fame I seek, nor for her Favours call,
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all:
But if the Purchase costs so dear a Price,
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
Oh if the Muse must flatter lawless Sway,
Or follow still where Fortune leads the Way:
Or if no Basis bear my rising Fame,
But the fallen Ruins of another's Name:
Then teach me Heav'n, to scorn the guilty Bays!
Drive from my Breast that wretched Lust of Praise!
Unblemish'd let me live,—or die unknown,
Oh grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!*
Mr. POPE's Temple of Fame.

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THE FIRST VOLUME

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE



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To the Right Honourable,

SUSANNA

COUNTESS of

EGLINGTON.

MADAM,

IF the complete Assemblage of all
the humane Virtues, joined to
Politeness of Manners, and Ele-
gance of Taste, adorned with Nobility
and Affluence of Fortune, and deservedly
+ hap-

ii *DEDICATION.*

py in the universal Esteem and Regard of Mankind, are Qualifications desirable in a Patronage, an Orphan-Muse can no where sue with greater Propriety, for Refuge and Protection, than at your *Ladyship's* Feet.

A PATRONAGE at once great and amiable, (and such is your *Ladyship's*) is the utmost Wish a diffident trembling Muse could possibly indulge in Thought. And I cannot but hope there is still left amongst Mankind so much Sensibility to conspicuous Worth, as to fall in with your *Ladyship's* Inclinations, and out of Deference, treat that favourably, which your *Ladyship* has so favourably condescended to approve.

I WOULD not, MADAM, have presumed to offend your Ears, with any Hints at your *Ladyship's* Character : But the known Lustre of it, the exalted Eminence of your personal Merit, being the valuable Circumstance which makes the generous Obligation I ly under, what it
is,

DEDICATION. iii

is, I knew not how to express my Gratitude, without mentioning the Occasion of it. The Necessity of the Case, (joined to an irresistible Fondness of congratulating my own Happiness, at the same Time I stood bound in Duty, to make my Acknowledgements to that Condescension which had raised it) will I hope plead my Excuse for what I have said, while the Fear of giving your *Ladyship* Offence, must with the rest of the World excuse my having said no more.

IT is indeed unaccountable that a Character so Praise-worthy, should upon any Offers, how humble soever, towards the amiable Particulars, be subject to an Uneasiness so nearly resembling the Effect of its opposite Qualities. But it is not for me to enquire into the Reasonableness or Consistency of such a Delicacy, in Conjunction with such Endowments, when I find them stand thus united in your *Ladyship*; especially when I find they appear to my Relief, and happily command the

iv DEDICATION.

Forbearance of an arduous Task I am no Way equal to. To draw in full Proportion, a Picture, wherein nothing Great or Noble, Wise or Good, nothing Polite and Elegant, nothing Beautiful, Lovely, Engaging, Attractive, or exquisitely Charming ought to be omitted ; wherein there is no Choice of a distinguishing Excellence, as none observably fall below Perfection ; wherein a thousand Graces of Mind and Person require to be touched, which hitherto want a Name. In short, to finish a Likeness, where the Difficulty of alleviating the Colours, so as to avoid the Appearance of Fiction and Extravagance, to those who have not the Honour of a Personal Acquaintance with *Lady EGLINGTON* ; is equal to the Skill and Address requisite to answer the Idea of those who are happy in it, and demands a superiority of Genius, which the Collection at your *Ladyship's* Feet, I am sure, has not discovered.

BUT unequal as I am to work up to
Per-

DEDICATION. V

Perfection such a Pourtraiture, Mankind are not insensible of it. They know, MADAM, they do, they know and feel Accomplishments which refuse Obscurity. In vain does your *Ladyship* choose Retirement. It serves only to set your Merit in a more conspicuous Light, and contributes no less to your Glory than to your Tranquillity. That extraordinary Presence which has converted a Defart into a Paradise, and cultivated a large Neighbourhood into the highest Politeness, by its extensive Influence, cannot but be illustrious even in Solitude: And thus your *Ladyship's* Disposition to shun Applause, will ever be disappointed by its own Merit.

THAT your *Ladyship* may long continue the bright Example and Benefactress you are, to the World; That your numerous, illustrious, and promising Offspring, (particularly the *Noble Lord*, who is so peculiarly your Care) may daily approach you by a nearer Resemblance in every
Di-

vi *DEDICATION.*

Divine and worthy Quality, and by fast Degrees inherit all your Excellencies ; That you may long enjoy the sacred Pleasure of doing good, and at last serenely enter into that Happiness which is the Perfection of Virtue, are the ardent Wishes of him, whose highest Ambition is to express the grateful Veneration with which he is,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most Faithful,

Most obliged,

and most obedient

Servant,

SAMUEL BOYSE.



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N. B. *Several of the Subscribers not having been pleased to return their Names, the Author begs they will pardon the Omission.*

E R R A T A.

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The III. Chapter of the Book of JOB

TRANSLATED.



Hus *JOB* began, ——— “Curst be the
fatal Morn

“In which distinguish’d Wretchedness
was born!

“From the fair Round of the revolving Year

“Perish that Day! nor let the Night appear,

“In which this Spec of Entity began

“To swell to Misery and promise Man!

“Let Darknes stain it o’er, no friendly Ray

“Pierce thro’ the Gloom of that affrighted Day!

“But Shades of Terror o’er its Circuit spread,

“And fold it in the Mantle of the Dead!

“O’er that curst Night may double Horrors dwell,

“Such as enwrap the Punishments of Hell!

A

“No

" No chearful Sounds its Solitude awake,
 " But such as Fiends, and tortur'd Wretches make;
 " Such as may wound the Soul, and shock the Ear,
 " The Groans of Death, and Howlings of Despair!
 " May all its Stars with Rays diminish'd shew,
 " And thro' the dusky Air obscurely glow!
 " No Glimpse of Hope the dreadful Scene adorn,
 " Nor let it see the Promise of a Morn! ——
 " Because it shut not up my Mother's Womb,
 " And join'd at once my Cradle and my Tomb:
 " Why dy'd I not? Why did preventive Care
 " My destin'd Life for future Sorrows spare?
 " Then had I found that Ease I seek in vain,
 " Nor known this Load of unexampled Pain!

" O Grave! thou Refuge of the Soul distressed!
 " When shall I sink into thy downy Rest?
 " There Kings and Mighty Ones neglected rot,
 " In their own mould'ring Monuments forgot:

" (Tho'

“ (Tho’ once of Grandeur and of Pow’r possess’d,
 “ And all the Treasures of the shining East)
 “ There Men no longer vain Distinctions boast,
 “ In common Dust the Prince and Slave are lost :
 “ Low lyes th’ Oppressor bound in lasting Chains,
 “ There of his Rod the Wretch no more complains !
 “ There cease the Wailings of the Heart distress’d,
 “ And there the Weary find eternal Rest !

“ WHY sparest thou, O LORD ! a Life like mine ?
 “ While with incessant Pray’rs for Death I pine :
 “ Why is that Blessing given to Wealth and Pride ?
 “ But to the Wretch distress’d like me, deny’d.
 “ While o’er my Head Thy awful Terrors brood,
 “ Beset my Path, and mingle with my Food.
 “ In vain my Cries and Groans continual rise,
 “ In vain my Tears I pour, and waste my Sighs :
 “ While all my Fears upon my Soul are come,
 “ By Thee forsaken, hopeless and undone !



The VII. Chapter of the Book of JOB
PARAPHRASED.

- “ **H** As not kind *Heaven*, regarding human Woe,
 “ Set a fix’d Period to our Race below?
 “ Known by th’ *All-wise* is our uncertain Stay,
 “ And we, like Hirelings, toil but by the Day :
 “ Then when the busy tedious Dream is o’er,
 “ We sink into the Grave, and are no more ;
 “ And is then Death our Slumber? our Repose?
 “ Oh ! when shall Death *JOB*’s weary’d Eye-lids close!
 “ As with desiring Eyes the harass’d Swain,
 “ Expects the Evening-shade to quit the Plain ;
 “ So with Impatience to the Grave I bend,
 “ And long to see my numerous Sorrows end :
 “ Not more sollicitous the lab’ring Hind
 “ Is, that his Cares their Recompence may find,
 “ Or waits more eager the prolific Rain,
 “ The promis’d Harvest, in the swelling Grain ;
 “ Than

" Than I to see my grim *Deliv'rer* rise,
 " And Death's cold Hand in Mercy feel those Eyes!
 " For crush'd, O LORD, beneath Thy pow'rful Arm,
 " What Balm can cure my Griefs? what Musick charm?
 " While in a thousand Shapes Thy Wrath I know,
 " And feel a strange Variety of Woe!

" WHEN will my long protracted Troubles cease?
 " And this tormented Sufferer be at Peace!
 " Each lingring Night in Agonies I lye,
 " And oft I wish, but wish in vain, to dye;
 " In silent Woe I lengthen out the Night,
 " Then curse the Gloom, and wait the dawning Light:
 " The dawning Light returns —— but not to me,
 " And all but I its kindly Aspect see:
 " To *JOB* no friendly Seasons e'er return,
 " Nor gives the Evening Ease, or Joy the Morn;
 " Grief fills his Soul; and Pain, and anxious Care,
 " Amazement, — Anguish, — Horror — and Despair!

“ WITHHOLD at length Thy Wrath! and leave
me free,

“ For what is *JOB*, O *GOD*! to strive with Thee?

“ Vile Matter is my Substance, Dust and Clay,

“ All cover'd too with Sores more vile than they!

“ Swifter than Thought my fleeting Moments pass;

“ Consum'd, I wither as the fading Grass.

“ Remember, *LORD*, my transient Life like Wind,

“ Blows off unseen, nor leaves a Trace behind:

“ Short as it is, why is it then oppress,

“ Curst by the Hand that once had made it blest?

“ Oh close the Scene —— and let my Sorrows cease,

“ Dissolve the Chain, and frown me into Peace!

“ *EACH* Evening yeilds the Sun to sable Night,

“ But every Morn returns again as bright;

“ Within Earth's Lap the yearly Seed is thrown,

“ And Nature's bounteous Hand repays the Loan:

“ But Man within the Grave for ever lies,

“ Till Nature's Death permitted not to rise;

“ Till

" Till then forbid the faintest Glimpse of Day,
 " Or re-ascend the long forgotten Way ;
 " No more indulg'd to see the chearful Light,
 " The sweet returning Day and peaceful Night :
 " His Memory too shall die, and in the Grave,
 " In length of Time its thin Existence leave.
 " Here look, vain Men, and human Greatness see,
 " Dust once ye were, and Dust again must be !

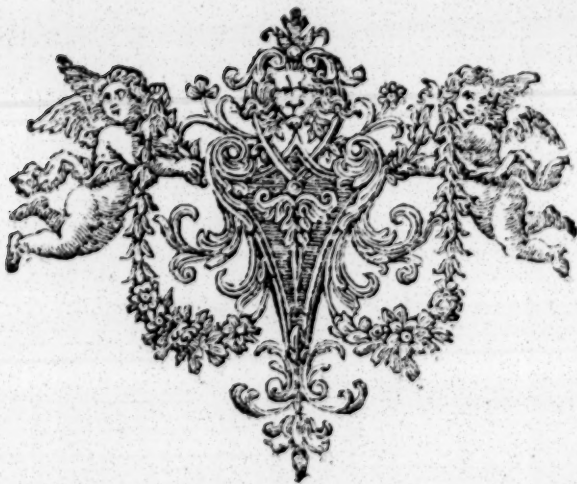
" OH ! why should tortur'd *JOB* his Sighs refrain ?
 " Or suffering thus, why should he not complain ?
 " Allow him prostrate then to ask his GOD,
 " Why thus 'Thou break'st this animated Clod ?
 " Why watchest Thou my Steps severely just ?
 " And while I bend me groaning to the Dust,
 " Forbid'st me one short Interval of Rest,
 " And emptiest all Thy Quiver in my Breast !
 " In vain for Rest I to my Couch repair,
 " And hope in Sleep to dissipate my Care ;

" For there in awful Visions I behold
 " My Terrors heighten'd, and my Hopes controul'd:
 " How can I then this wretched Life sustain,
 " When Life, Death's Image, but augments my Pain?

" O F T ^{when} alone, and in the Ev'ning Shade,
 " I call for Death — but call in vain for Aid:
 " For Thou unmov'd still lengthn'st out my Pains,
 " And whom Thy Wrath torments, Thy Pow'r sustains,
 " Oh finish, L O R D ! the vast unequal Strife,
 " And I to buy my Peace will quit my Life.
 " What did I say of Life? — *That* galling Chain!
 " By Thee afflicted, what is Life but Pain?
 " I would not live, nor bear the dreadful Load;
 " For Man can ne'er support 'Thy chastning Rod.
 " Oh cease to urge what Nature cannot bear!
 " Nor fill me thus with Anguish and Despair;
 " Withdraw 'Thy cruel all-supporting Pow'r,
 " And lo! I perish in that gracious Hour!

" T H E N

“ THEN humbly in Thy Sight I lay me down,
“ At once Thy Justice and my Crimes I own.
“ To Thee for Mercy and Relief I come ;
“ Oh take this late-repenting *Rebel* home.
“ Oh let Thy Pity ease and set me free,
“ And give me in Destruction Rest to see ;
“ So shall the Voice of my Complaining cease,
“ And *JOB*'s last Breath shall bless Thee for his Peace.



Cl.



Cl. Claudiani in Rufinum, *Lib. I.*

S*Æpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, & incerto fluerent mortalia casu.*

*Nam cùm dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,
Præscriptisque mari fines, annisque meatus,
Et lucis noctisque vices : tunc omnia rebar
Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri
Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
Qui variam Phœben alieno jufferit igni
Compleri, Solémque suo : porrexerit undis
Litora : tellurem medio libraverit axe.
Sed cùm res hominum tantâ caligine volvi
Adspicerem, lætisque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios : rursus labefacta cadebat
Religio, caussæque viam non sponte sequebar
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu*

Affirmat,

*Affirmat, magnūmque novas per inane figuras
 Fortunā, non arte, regi: quæ Numina sensu
 Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri,
 Abstulit hunc tandem RUFINI pœna tumultum,
 Absolvitque Deos. Jam non ad culmina rerum
 Injustos crevisse queror. Tolluntur in altum,
 Ut lapsu graviore ruant. ———*

PARAPHRASED.

O FT has my Mind with anxious Doubts been toft,
 And all my Thoughts in dark Confusion loft;
 Whether this Frame of Nature were design'd
 By an omniscient and eternal Mind;
 Or if wild Atoms in Confusion hurl'd,
 By Chance arrang'd, compos'd this beauteous World;
 For when the Laws of Nature I review'd,
 Exactly just, and sovereignly good;
 How the proud Ocean keeps its certain Bounds,
 How the Sun runs his constant annual Rounds;

The

The fix'd Returns of Darknefs and of Light,
 The soft Viciffitudes of Day and Night.
 When this harmonious Univerfe I view'd,
 In Rapture loft — I could not but conclude
 A Pow'r fupreme did over all command,
 And held the Ballance with a fteady Hand,
 In its own Orb He plac'd each fhining Star,
 (And tho' thefe glitt'ring Lights unnumber'd are)
 He mark'd their Circles thro' th' unbounded Skies,
 And fix'd their Periods when to fet and rife;
 The rowling Seafons at His Word appear,
 And mark with Flowers and Fruits the various Year.
 The Sun he plac'd, the glorious Source of Light;
 The Moon with borrow'd Beams, the Queen of Night;
 Its well pois'd Axis does the Earth fustain;
 Loofe Sands he made the Barrier of the Main,
 Where tho' its angry Waves with Fury beat,
 They flop, and at th' appointed Mark retreat,
 And all Creation in her Works aloud,
 Points out th' Exiftence of a *Perfeft* GOD.

BUT

BUT when the Face of Mankind I survey'd,
 The moral World with dark Disorder spread;
 Again with Doubts my wav'ring Soul is prest,
 And strong Objections rose within my Breast:
 While here below Confusion seem'd to reign,
 And prosp'rous Vice did Providence arraign;
 Villains with Fortune and Applauses crown'd;
 The Virtuous few, a thousand Woes surround;
 Th' Oppressor's Wrongs no Justice to restrain,
 And injur'd Innocence lament in vain.
 A Scene like this distracted could I see,
 And yet believe a ruling Deity?
 Would He the impious Wretch with Favours load,
 And leave to sink in Woe the Just and Good?

To other Schemes for Light I now apply'd,
 And chose the bold *LUCRETIVS* for my Guide:
Matter and *Motion* luckily supply
 The sev'ral lovely Scenes that strike the Eye;

Fortuna.

Fortune and Chance direct this mighty Frame,
 And *Providence* is but an empty Name ;
 There are no Pow'rs supreme ——— or if there be,
 Our low Affairs they nor regard, nor see.

BUT when I saw on curst *RUFINUS*' Head
 The Vengeance of all-righteous Heaven display'd,
 And mark him out, by punishing his Crimes,
 A Monument of Guilt to future Times ;
 No more of prosp'rous Villains I complain,
 Nor grieve to see them rais'd to Pow'r and Gain :
 As pond'rous Bodies when they're mounted high,
 Back to the Earth with double Swiftness fly ;
 So impious Men the higher they ascend,
 With greater Speed to certain Ruin tend.



~~~~~

*Cl. Claudianus, De Sene Veronenfi.*

*F*elix, qui patriis Ævum transegit in agris  
 Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem :

*Qui baculo nitens, in quâ reperiit arenâ,*

*Unius numeret secula longa casæ.*

*Illum non vario traxit Fortuna tumultu,*

*Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.*

*Non freta Mercator tremuit, non classica Miles :*

*Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.*

*Indocilis rerum : vicinæ nescius urbis,*

*Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.*

*Frugibus alternis, non Consule, computat annum :*

*Autumnum pomis, Ver sibi flore notat.*

*Idem condit ager Soles, idémque reducit,*

*Metitúrque suo rusticus orbe diem.*

*Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine Quercum,*

*Æquævúmque videt consenuisse Nemus.*

*Proxima*

*Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis,  
 Benacúmque putat litora rubra Lacum.  
 Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis  
 Ætas robustum tertia cernit avum.  
 Erret, & extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.  
 Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.*

---

## TRANSLATED.

**H**APPY the Man who free from Noise and Strife  
 In his own Grounds has past his peaceful Life;  
 And in his solitary Cottage blest,  
 Counts o'er the joyful Days he has possess'd;  
 Who ne'er for Fortune's Baits exchange'd Content,  
 Nor knew what Av'rice or Ambition meant;  
 Ne'er heard the Clamours of the crowded Town,  
 Or the *Chicane* of the litigious Gown;  
 But freed from War, and ignorant of Trade,  
 Defies all Storms that may his Rest invade:

And



And from the World retir'd, serene enjoys  
 The kindly Influence of his native Skies;  
 While by the Marks of Nature that appear,  
 He knows the Seasons of the changing Year;  
 Who walks and sleeps beneath the neighb'ring Wood,  
 That with himself coeval, long has stood  
 The waste of Time, and as the Stripling stray'd,  
 Receiv'd him oft beneath its friendly Shade:  
 To whom *Verona* seems the *Indian Coast*,  
 And the *Red Sea* in *Benacus* is lost;  
 While firm in Health, and in his Reason found,  
 He daily measures his paternal Ground,  
 And o'er his Body, like a pleasing Sleep,  
 Feels his old Age with soft Advances creep,  
 Till blest with all a mortal Wish can crave,  
 Unknown, unseen, he sinks into the Grave.

LET others boast of Triumphs and of Toils,  
 The Pride of Riches, and the Pomp of Spoils!

B

Compar'd

Compar'd with his, how trifling are their Joys?  
 They only taste that Life which he enjoys.



# Horace, *Book I. ODE XIX.*

## *IMITATED.*

**A**L MIGHTY Love's resistless Rage,  
 Nor Force can quell, nor Art assuage;  
 While Wit and Beauty both conspire,  
 To kindle in my Breast the Fire:  
 Nor yet could Wit and Beauty join'd,  
 Have touch'd my firm unalter'd Mind,  
 Or made my stubborn Heart obey,  
 Or shook unconquer'd Reason's Sway;  
 Did not the artful Pow'r employ  
 The fatal Arms of FLAVIA's Eye;  
 Her Glances do my Soul alarm,  
 And keep my glowing Bosom warm;

Her

Her matchless Shape, her charming Grace,  
 Her easy Air, and blooming Face,  
 Each Charm that does around her shine,  
 To keep my captive Heart combine.

I FEEL, I feel the raging Fire!  
 And my Soul burns with fierce Desire!  
 Thy Freedom, *Reason*, I disown,  
 And Beauty's pleasing Chains put on;  
 No Art can set the Captive free,  
 Who scorns his offer'd Liberty,  
 Nor is Confinement any Pain  
 To him who hugs his pleasing Chain.

BRIGHT VENUS! Offspring of the Sea!  
 Thy sovereign Dictates I obey;  
 I own submits thy mighty Reign,  
 And feel thy Power in ev'ry Vein:  
 I feel thy Influence all-confest,  
 I feel thee triumph in my Breast!



'Tis there is fix'd thy sacred Court,  
 'Tis there thy *Cupids* gayly sport !  
 Faintly now I touch the String,  
 Of Arms no more I aim to sing :  
 Beauty alone my Thoughts subdues,  
 Alone inspires th' enamour'd Muse.

COME, my *Boy*, the Altar place,  
 Add the blooming Garland's Grace ;  
 Gently pour the sacred Wine,  
 Hear me, VENUS ! Power divine !  
 Grant the only Boon I crave,  
 Hear me, VENUS ! hear thy Slave !  
 Bless my fond Soul with Beauty's Charms,  
 And give me FLAVIA to my Arms.



Horace,



# Horace, *Book I. ODE XXX.*

## *IMITATED.*

**B**RIGHT VENUS! Goddess All-divine,  
 Round whom a thousand Graces shine,  
 A thousand *Cupids* gayly smile,  
 Leave thy *fav'rite* lovely *Ile* ;  
 Descend, cœlestial radiant Guest,  
 And fix thy Seat in FLAVIA'S Breast ;  
 Kindle there thy pleasing Fire,  
 Love and Tendernefs inspire,  
 Wishes warm and soft Desire ;  
 Do thou her snowy Bosom warm,  
 And let her bless, as well as charm !

}  
}

### II.

To compleat the heav'nly Joy,  
 Bring with thee thy charming Boy ;

race,

B 3

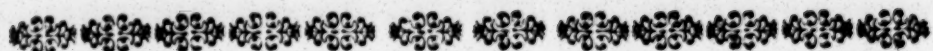
Let

Let the *Wanton* touch her Heart,  
 With his own resistless Dart,  
 Affected Coyness soon shall fly,  
 And Fondness sparkle in her Eye ;  
 Forgiveness she shall soon implore,  
 For slighting thy Almighty Pow'r,  
 And feel the Wound she scorn'd before ;  
 New Passions in her Breast shall move,  
 And FLAVIA be a Slave to Love !



Horace,





Horace, *Book I. ODE XXII.*

*TRANSLATED.*

I.

IMPENETRABLE Innocence

I Dear W ——— D! is the securest Fence ;

Nor *Lybian* Spear nor *Parthian* Dart,

Of this posselt, can touch the Heart.

II.

WHETHER thro' *Africk's* Sands it goes,

Or hoary *Imau's* deepest Snows ;

Or (where to grace the beauteous Scene)

*Hydaspes* winds his Silver Stream.

III.

FOR late as in the *Sabine* Grove,

Careless I stray'd and sung my Love ;

A horrid Wolf amidst the Shade,

The solitary Lover fled.

## IV.

A BEAST whose Look inspir'd more Awe,  
 The *Daunian* Defart never saw ;  
 Or yet *Numidia's* scorching Plain,  
 A Land of Monsters, not of Men !

## V.

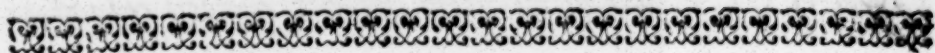
PLACE me, ye Pow'rs, in that dread Place,  
 Where *Phæbus* hides his chearful Face,  
 And o'er the dark benighted Plains,  
 Bleak Tempests brood, and Coldness reigns.

## VI.

OR placé me near the fultry Line  
 Where all his Beams collected shine ;  
 And the wide sandy burning Glades,  
 No Streams refresh, no Verdure shades.

## VII.

YET there amidst th' inclement Soil,  
 Love should my wéaried Soul beguile ;  
 EMILIA'S Virtue still should charm,  
 EMILIA'S Image keep me safe from Harm.



## HORTI ARLINGTONIANI

E Miscellan. Poet. D. J. Dryden, *Vol. II. P. 364.*

**M**AGNIFICOS propter Saltus, & avita JACOBI  
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aulæ,

Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,

Surgunt cœtilibus succincta Palatia muris :

Quæ posita ad Zephyrum, radiis Sol igneus aureis,

Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutat.

Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,

Vulgusque, procuresque : caducos plorat honores

Aulicus, et rerum fastigia lubrica damnat ;

Felicemque vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ

Labuntur variis aulæ inconcussa procellis.

Et quamvis procul haud absint, tum plebis iniquæ

Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,

Circumsusa quies, & pax incognita magnis

Hic placidè regnant ; & verum simplici cultu,

Propositi tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.

NAM-



*NAMQUE* ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,  
 Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,  
 Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,  
 Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas :  
 Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula damæ,  
 Atque piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus ;  
 Inde, loquax ripas & aquosa cubilia linquens  
 Fertur anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.

*VO*S, o Pierides, molli testudine Musæ,  
 Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus Hortum :  
 Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant  
 Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâque Cupido tuctur.  
 Nonillum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe  
 Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates  
 Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.

*AREÆQUE* in medio est multum spectabilis horto,  
 Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, iuentum  
 Lætificans oculos, ac dona latentia prodens :  
 Nempe hæc per spatia flores transmittit iniquæ

*Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes,  
 Non illic Violæ, neque candida Lilia desunt :  
 Parva loquor : quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi,  
 Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicina solis  
 Lætior Hesperiiis educit germen in arvis.  
 Qualia sæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido  
 Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore ;  
 Te solam cupiens, in te pulcherrima Psyche  
 Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis !*

*NEC sine nomine erunt Myrteta, nec Aurea Poma :  
 Quæ quoniam calido nascuntur plurima cælo  
 Et brumas indocta pati nimbosque ruentes,  
 Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fætus :  
 Protinus hibernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis,  
 Spirantesque premunt animas, ne poma caduca  
 Vel glacies ledat, teneras vel frigora myrtas :  
 Tum verò, æstate in media, stabula alta relinquunt,  
 Scilicet, & tutas de cortice trudere gemmas,  
 Inque novos soles audent se credere, molles*

*Ut captant Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.*

*NEC te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis  
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris :  
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,  
Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,  
Ab nimis infelix per fila sequentia Virgo!  
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes ;  
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper  
Deficiente die accendit ; sed longius ipsam  
Hic secum placidè cupiunt consumere noctem :  
Dum super arboreos modulans Luscinia ramos,  
Dulce melos iterat, tenerosque invitat amores.*

*QUINETIAM extremo surgit conterminus horto  
Mons Fælix, albis quem circum Gessamis ornat  
Floribus, ac letas dat prætereuntibus umbras.  
Hunc super ascendit turba comitante virum Rex  
Augustus, proceresque caput supereminet omnes ;  
Atque pedem properans graditur, vestigia volvens*

*Gran-*



*Grandia, nec seræ meminit decedere nocti.  
 Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,  
 Et sincera quies operum, rerumque nitescit  
 Incorruptus honos, & nescia fallere vita.*

*NEC non hic solus placidè super ardua montis,  
 Clare COMES, tecum meditâris, mente serenâ  
 Munera Dædaleæ naturæ ; animusque recedit  
 In loca sacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.  
 Despicere unde queas miseros, passimque videre  
 Mortales, vitæ subeuntes mille pericla ;  
 Continuo inter se niti præstante labore  
 Divitias inhiare, & habenas sumere rerum ;  
 Deturbare throno Regem, magnas aliorum  
 Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.  
 Dum tu, Magne COMES, minima sine parte doloris,  
 Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus :  
 Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes  
 Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives  
 Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes :*

*Inde*

*Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalia rivo  
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen nectat ad aulam.*

*INTER purpureos, Regi gratissime, Patres,  
O Dium, fidumque caput, venerabile gentis  
Præsidium ! O magnos jamdudum exute labores !  
Sæpius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,  
Traduccens faciles, sed non inglorius annos ;  
Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis oti !  
Dum timor omnis abest, curæque incendia luctus,  
Nec tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,  
Vel struere insidias canis. Tibi libera transis  
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hospes ad aulam.  
O felix animi, quem non ratione relictâ,  
Spes elata trahit, laudumque arrecta Cupido ;  
Nec misère insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes !  
At secura quies, animæ divina voluptas,  
Mitiaque emeritam solantur fata senectam.  
Unica regali connubio FILIA stirpi,  
Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.*

*Quæ poscis meliora Deos ? quæ pondere vasto  
Corruit usta Domus, flammæ secunda minacis  
Ecce stat, & tantis major meliorque ruinis !*

*Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab altæ  
Nube VENUS ; circum divini colla mariti  
Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,  
Sic divum alloquitur : “ Nostros delectat ocellos  
“ Pulchra domus, sævis olim consumpta favillis :  
“ En hujus (si fata sinant) celebrabitur Hæres  
“ Herois divina & me dignissima cura !  
“ PALLAS & hoc poscit (proprio favet illa ministro,)   
Qui divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.”*

*VINCITUR illecebris Deus ; & jubet omine læto  
Stare diù, longosque domum superesse per annos.*

TRANS.



## TRANSLATED.

**N**EAR to those Domes th' indulgent Powers assign  
 The sacred Seat of STUART's Majestick Line;  
 (Those rising Tow'rs, that known to ancient Fame,  
 Bear both the *Monarch's* and the *Martyr's* Name\*; )  
 Near those fair Lawns, and intermingled Groves,  
 Where gentle Zephyrs breathe and sporting Loves,  
 A *Frame* there stands, that rears its beauteous Height,  
 And strikes with pleasing Ravishment the Sight.  
 Full on the Front the Orient Sun displays  
 His chearful Beams; and as his Light decays,  
 Again adorns it with his Western Rays.  
 Here wondring Crowds admire the Owner's State,  
 And view the Glories of the Fair and Great;  
 Here falling Statesmen Fortune's Changes feel,  
 And prove the Turns of her revolving Wheel;

Then

---

\* St. James's Palace.

Then envy mighty ARLINGTON, thy Life  
 That feels no Tempest, and that knows no Strife.  
 Whence ev'ry jarring Sound is banish'd far,  
 The restless Vulgar, and the noisy Bar ;  
 But heavenly Peace, that shuns the Courtier-Train  
 And Innocence, and conscious Virtue reign.

HERE when *Aurora* brings the Purple Day,  
 And op'ning Buds their tender Leaves display ;  
 While the fair Vales afford a smiling View,  
 And the Fields glitter with the Morning Dew ;  
 No rattling Wheel disturbs the peaceful Ground,  
 Or wounds the Ear with any jarring Sound ;  
 Th' unwearied Eye with ceaseless Rapture strays,  
 And still Variety of Charms survey,  
 Here watch the fearful Deer their tender Fawns,  
 Stray thro' the Wood, or browse the verdant Lawns :  
 Here from the marshy Glade the Wild-duck springs,  
 And slowly moves her wet incumber'd Wings :

C

Around

Around soft *Peace* and *Solitude* appear,  
And *Golden Plenty* crowns the smiling Year.

THY beauteous *Gardens* charm the ravish'd Sight,  
And surfeit ev'ry Sense with soft Delight ;  
Where'er we turn our still transported Eyes,  
New Scenes of *Art* with Nature join'd arise ;  
We dwell indulgent on the Lovely Scene,  
The lengthen'd *Vista* or the Carpet Green ;  
A thousand Graces bless th'inchanted Ground,  
And throw promiscuous Beauties all around.

WITHIN thy fair *Parterres* appear to view  
A thousand *Flowers* of various Form and hue.  
There spotless *Lillies* rear their sickly Heads,  
And Purple *Violets* creep along the Beds ;  
Here shews the bright *Jonquil* its gilded Face,  
Join'd with the pale *Carnation's* fairer Grace ;  
The painted *Tulip*, and the blushing *Rose*,  
A blooming Wilderness of Sweets compose.



IN such a Scene great CUPID wounded lay  
 To Love and PSYCHE's Charms a glorious Prey;  
 Here felt the pleasing Pain, and thrilling Smart,  
 And prov'd too well his own resistless Dart.

HIGH in the midst appears a rising Ground,  
 With *Greens* and *Balustrades* inclos'd around:  
 Here a new Wonder stops the wandring Sight,  
 A *Dome* \* whose Walls and Roof transmit the Light;  
 Here foreign Plants and Trees exotic thrive,  
 And in the cold unfriendly Climate live;  
 For when bleak Winter chills the rolling Year,  
 The guarded Strangers find their Safety here;  
 And fenc'd from Storms, and the inclement Air,  
 They sweetly flourish ever green and fair;  
 Their lively Buds they shoot and Blossoms show  
 And gayly bloom amidst furrounding Snow.

BUT when the genial Spring all Nature chears,  
 And Earth renew'd, her verdant Honours wears;  
 C 2 The

---

\* The Green-house.

The *Golden Plants* their wonted Station leave,  
 And in the milder Air with Freedom breathe :  
 Their tender Branches feel th' enlivening Ray,  
 Unfold their Leaves, and all their Pomp display ;  
 Around their fragrant Flowers the *Zephyrs* play,  
 And waft the Aromatic Scents away.

Not far from hence a lofty *Wood* appears,  
 That spite of Age its verdant Honours wears,  
 Here widely spread does ample Shade display,  
 Expel the Sun, and form a doubtful Day.  
 Here thoughtful Solitude finds spacious Room,  
 And reigns thro' all the wide-extended Gloom ;  
 Beneath the friendly Covert Lovers toy,  
 And spend the flying Hours in am'rous Joy ;  
 Unmindful of approaching Night they sport,  
 While circling Pleasures new Attention court ;  
 Or thro' the Maze forgetfully they stray,  
 Lost in the pleasing sweetly-winding Way :

Or stretch'd at Ease upon the flow'ry Grass,  
 In Tales of Love the starry Night they pass ;  
 While the soft *Nightingale* thro' all the Groves,  
 His Song repeats and soothes his tender Loves ;  
 Whose strains harmonious and the silent Night,  
 Increase the Joy and give compleat Delight.

A CURIOUS *Terrass* stops the wandering Eye,  
 Where lovely *Jasmines* fragrant Shade supply ;  
 Whose tender Branches in their Pride array'd,  
 Invite the Wanderer to the grateful Shade :  
 From hence afar, a various Prospect lyes,  
 Where artless Nature courts the ravish'd Eyes ;  
 The Sight at once a thousand Charms surveys,  
 And pleas'd o'er Villages and Forests strays :  
 Here Harvests grow, and Lawns appear, and Woods,  
 And gently rising Hills, — and distant Floods.

HERE ARLINGTON, thy mighty Mind disdains  
 Inferior Earth, and breaks its servile Chains,



Aloft on Contemplations Wings you rise,  
 Scorn all below and mingle with the Skies;  
 Where rais'd by great Philosophy you soar,  
 And Worlds remote, in boundless Space explore;  
 There from your Height, divine with Pity view,  
 The various Cares that busy Men pursue:  
 Where each by different Ways aspires to gain  
 Uncertain Happiness with certain Pain:  
 While you, well pleas'd, th'exalted Raptures know,  
 That do from conscious Truth and Virtue flow;  
 And blessing all, by all around you blest,  
 You taste the Earnest of eternal Rest.

You, who have left the publick Cares of State,  
 Another *Scipio* in Retirement great,  
 Have chang'd your *Royal Master's* gentle Smiles,  
 For Solitude divine, and rural Toils;  
 In vain the Call of Glory sounds to Arms;  
 In vain Ambition shews her painted Charms;

While

While in the happy Walk, or sacred Shade,  
 No anxious Cares thy Soul serene invade ;  
 Where all the Heavenly Train thy Steps attend,  
 Sooth ev'ry Thought, from ev'ry Ill defend :  
 Such was the Lot th' immortal ROMAN chose ;  
 Great in his *Triumphs*, greater in *Repose* !

THUS blest with smiling Heav'ns indulgent Store,  
 Can't thou in Wishes lavish ask for more ?  
 Yet more they give — thy good old Age to bless,  
 And fill the Sum of mortal Happiness :  
 Thy only Daughter, BRITAIN'S boasted Grace,  
 Join'd with a HERO of the *Royal Race* \* ;  
 And that *fair Fabrick* which our wondring Eyes,  
 So lately saw from humble Ruins rise,  
 And mock the Rage of the devouring Flame !  
 A nobler Structure, and a fairer Frame !

C 4

“ WHEN

---

\* His Grace the late Duke of *Grafton* married the only surviving Daughter and Heir of the Earl of *Arlington*.

Whose Beauties long shall charm succeeding Days,  
And tell Posterity the Founder's Praise,

“ W H E N from divine *Olympus*' tow'ring Height,  
“ All beauteous V E N U S saw the pleasing Sight,  
“ In dimpled Smiles, and Looks enchanting drest,  
“ Thus pow'rful J O V E the charming *Queen* addrest.  
“ Behold the lovely Seat, and let thy Care,  
“ Indulgent bless th'united happy Pair;  
“ Here long their Place, their happy Race assign,  
“ By Virtue still distinguish'd may they shine,  
“ In the Request immortal P A L L A S joins,  
“ (Long has the *Patriot* offer'd at her Shrines)  
“ With *Love* of *Arts* his God-like Bosom glows,  
“ And treads those Paths by which the *Goddeſs* rose.”

T H E awful *Father* gave the gracious Sign,  
And fix'd the Fortunes of the glorious Line.

O D E





ODE de Monsieur FENELON (*depuis Archeveque de Cambrai*) écrit dans sa Jeunesse.

## I.

**M**ONTAGNES\* de qui l'audace  
Va porter jusques aux Cieux

Un front d'éternelle Glace,

Soutien de séjour de Dieux :

Dessous vos têtes cheuës

Je cueille au dessus des nuës

Toutes les fleurs du Printëms ;

A mes pieds contre la Terre,

J'entends gronder le Tonnerre,

Et tomber mille Torrens.

## II.

SEMBLABLES aux monts de Thrace,

Qu'un Géant audacieux

Sur les autres monts entasse

Pour escalader les Cieux,

II. *Sommaire*

---

\* Montagnes d'Auvergne où il étoit dans sa Jeunesse.

*Vos sommets sont des Campagnes  
 Qui portent d'autres Montagnes,  
 Et s'élevans par degrez  
 De leurs orgueilleuses têtes  
 Vont affronter les Tempêtes  
 De tous les vents conjurez.*

## III.

*DES que le vermeille Aurore  
 De ses feux étincelans  
 Toutes ces Montagnes dore,  
 Les tendres agneaux bëlans  
 Errent dans les pâturages ;  
 Bientôt les Sombres bocages,  
 Plantez le long des Ruisseaux,  
 Et que les Zephirs agitent,  
 Bergers, et troupeaux, invitent  
 A dormir au bruit des eaux.*

## IV. Mais

## IV.

*MAIS dans ce rude Païsage,  
 Où tout est capricieux,  
 Et d'une beauté sauvage,  
 Rien ne rapelle a mes yeux  
 Les bords que mon fleuve arrose,  
 Fleuve où jamais le vent n'ose  
 Le moindres flots soulever ;  
 Ou le ciel serain nous donne  
 Le Printêms après l'Automne,  
 Sans laisser place a l'Hiver.*

## V.

*SOLITUDE \* ou la riviere  
 Ne laisse entendre autre bruit,  
 Que celui d'une onde claire,  
 Qui tombe, écume, et s'enfuit ;  
 Où deux Isles fortunées,  
 De rameaux verts couronnées,*

Font

---

\* Carenac, un petit Abbaïe sur la Dordogne qu'il posseda alors.



*Font pour le charme des yeux  
 Tout ce que le cœur desire :  
 Que ne puis-je avec ma Lyre  
 Te chanter du chant des Dieux ?*

## VI.

*DE Zephyr la douce haleine,  
 Qui reverdit nos buissons,  
 Fait sur le dos de la plaine  
 Flotter les jaunes moissons,  
 Dont Cérés remplit nos granges :  
 Bacchus lui même aux vendanges  
 Vient empourprer le raisin ;  
 Et du penchant de collines,  
 Sur les campagnes voisines  
 Verse de fleuves de vin.*

## VII.

*J'E vois au bout des campagnes,  
 Pleines de sillons dorez,  
 S'enfuir vallons et montagnes  
 Dans des lointains azurez ;*

*Dont*

*Don't la bizarre figure*

*Est un jeu de la nature.*

*Sur les rives du canal,*

*Comme en une miroir fidele,*

*L' Horizon se renouvelle*

*Et le peint dans se chrystal.*

#### VIII.

*AVEC les fruits de l' Automne*

*Sont les parfums du Printêms,*

*Et la vigne se couronne*

*De mille festons pendans.*

*Le fleuve aimant les prairies*

*Qui dans des Iles fleuries*

*Ornent ses canaux divers,*

*Par des eaux ici dormantes,*

*Là rapides et bruyantes,*

*En baigne les tapis verts.*

#### IX. DAN-

## IX.

*DANSANT* sur les violettes,

*Le berger mêle sa voix*

*Avec le son des musettes,*

*Des flûtes, et des hautbois :*

*Oiseaux, par vôtre ramage*

*Tous soucis dans ce bocage*

*De tous cœurs sont esacez.*

*Colombes et tourterelles*

*Tendres, plaintives, fideles,*

*Vous seules y gemissez.*

## X.

*UNE* herbe tendre & fleurie

*M'offre des lits de gazon,*

*Une douce reverie*

*Tient mes sens et ma raison.*

*A ce charme je me livre,*

*De ce Nectar je m' enivre,*



*Et les Dieux en sont jaloux ;  
De la cour flatteurs mensonges !  
Vous ressemblez à mes songes,  
Trompeurs comme eux, mais moins doux.*

## XI.

*A L'ABRI des noirs orages,  
Qui vont foudroier les Grands,  
Je trouve sous ces feuillages  
Un azyle en tous les temps :  
Là pour commencer à vivre  
Je puis seul et sans livre  
La profonde vérité.  
Puis la fable avec l'histoire  
Viennent peindre à ma mémoire  
L'ingenuë antiquité.*

## XII.

*DES Grecs je voi le plus sage,  
Jouët d'un indigne sort,  
Tranquille dans son naufrage,  
Et circonspect dans le port.*

*Vain-*

*Vainqueur des vents en furie  
 Pour sa sauvage patrie,  
 Bravant les flots nuit et jour :  
 O combien de mon bocage  
 Le calme, le frais, l'ombrage,  
 Meritent bien mon Amour !*

## XIII.

*JE goûte loin des allarmes  
 Des Muses l'heureux loisir ;  
 Rien n'expose au bruit des armes  
 Mon silence et mon plaisir.  
 Mon cœur content de ma lyre  
 A nul autre bonheur n'aspire,  
 Qu' à chanter un si doux bien ;  
 Loin, loin trompeuse Fortune,  
 Et toi faveur importune,  
 Le monde entier ne m'est rien !*

## XIV:

*EN quelque Climat que j'erre*

*Plus que tous les autres lieux,*

*Cet heureux coin de la terre*

*Me plaît, et rit à mes yeux :*

*Là pour couronner ma vie,*

*La main d'un parqué amie*

*Filera me plus beaux jours ;*

*Là reposera ma cendre,*

*Là Tyrhis \*, viendra repandre*

*Le pleurs dûs à nos amours !*

D

TRANS.

---

\* M. l'abbé Langeron.





## TRANSLATED.

*Rura mihi placent, riguique in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.* — VIRG.

## I.

**Y**E lofty *Mountains* \*, whose eternal Snows  
Like *ATLAS*, seem to prop the distant Skies;  
While shelter'd by your high and ample Brows,  
All Nature's Beauties feast my ravish'd Eyes:  
And far beneath me o'er the distant Plain,  
The Thunders break, and rattling Tempests reign.

## II.

As *THRACIAN* Hills, by impious *Giants* plac'd,  
To Heav'n rear'd up their bold aspiring Heads;  
So these (at length the painful Summit trac'd)  
Present the Eye their fair-extended Meads:  
Which in their Bosom other Mountains bear,  
Whose pointed Tops are lost amidst the Air.

## III. HERE,

---

\* The Mountains of Auvergne, esteemed the highest in France,  
where the Author was in his Infancy.

## III.

HERE, when AURORA with her chearful Beam  
 And rosy Blushes mark'd approaching Day;  
 Oft have I walk'd along the purling Stream  
 And saw the bleating Flocks around me stray:  
 The Woods, the Rocks, each Charm that struck my Sight,  
 Fill'd my young Breast with innocent Delight.

## IV.

THIS wild uncultivated dear Retreat  
 In which my tender early Youth was blest, —  
 Scarce can I call to Mind without Regret,  
 Tho' here of my supremest Wish possess;  
 Where Spring and Autumn in Succession reign,  
 The Earth still blooming, and the Air serene.

## V.

SWEET Solitude \*, where with delightful Sound  
 The fair *Dordonna* rolls its Silver Flood;  
 Two lovely Isles its Waves encompass round,  
 Whose gently rising Banks are crown'd with Wood:  
 D 2 How

\* Carenac, a small Monastery on the Dordogne, which the Author then possessed.

How shall th' enchanted *Muse*, in equal Verse  
The attle's Beauties of the *Place* rehearse?

## VI.

H E R E crown'd with Plenty, to the temper'd Breeze  
The golden Vales their smiling Bosom spread;  
While twining round the lofty spreading Trees  
The lovely Vine reclines its purple Head:  
And C E R E S thus, and chearful B A C C H U S join  
To pour out Stores of *Corn* and Floods of *Wine*.

## VII.

A F A R I see the Chrystal Riv'lets shine  
As down the shaggy Mountains Sides they play;  
Then Woods and azure *Landships* rise behind,  
And the whole Prospect looks serenely gay;  
While as I walk along the glassy Plain,  
I see renew'd the sweetly painted Scene.

## VIII.

W I T H ruddy *Autumn's* rich empurpled Stores,  
The Odors of the rosy *Spring* I feel:  
The River here, between its verdant Shores  
Along the flow'ry Meadows seems to steal;  
There



There breaking o'er the Banks with rapid Force,  
Drives down the Steep its wild impetuous Course.

## IX.

HERE gaily dancing on the flow'ry Ground  
The chearful *Shepherds* join their Flute and Voice;  
While thro' the Groves the Woodland Songs resound,  
And fill th' untroubled Mind with peaceful Joys;  
Music and Love inspire the vocal Plain,  
Alone the *Turtle* tunes her plaintive Strain!

## X.

HERE the green Turf invites my wearied Head  
On Nature's Lap, to undisturb'd Repose;  
Here gently laid to Rest — each Care is fled;  
Peace and Content my happy Eye-lids close,  
Ye golden flattering Dreams of State, adieu!  
As bright my Slumbers are, more soft than you.

## XI.

HERE free from all the Tempests of the Great,  
*Love* and *Ambition* can deceive no more!  
Beneath these Shades I find a blest Retreat,  
From *Envy's* Rage secure, and *Fortune's* Pow'r:

Here call the Actions of past Ages o'er,  
Or Truth's immortal Source alone explore,

## XII.

WHEN wise ULYSSES driv'n by Fortune's Sport  
I see, an *Exile* from his Native GREECE,  
In Shipwreck calm, tho' tost from Port to Port,  
Yet still preserving Constancy and Peace :  
How dear the Calm I taste beneath the Shade !  
Where no intruding Passion dares invade.

## XIII.

HERE far from all the busy World's Alarms,  
I prove in Peace the *Muse's* sacred Leisure :  
No Cares within, no distant Sound of Arms,  
Break my Repose, or interrupt my Pleasure.  
*Fortune* and *Fame* ! deceitful Forms ! adieu !  
The World's a Trifle far beneath my View.

## XIV.

WHEREVER *Fate* shall lead my wandering Way,  
Still will I think, *Sweet Solitude* ! on thee ;  
Still sigh beneath thy gloomy Walks to stray,  
And end my Days from Guilt and Sorrow free :

There to my kindred Earth in Peace return,  
While \* *Thyrſis* baths with friendly Tears my Urn.



## On a Divine *PARAPHRASE*,

*Written by a GENTLEMAN.*

WHOE'ER Thou art, of all th' inspired Train,  
That sings of *Heav'n* in such a *Heav'nly* Strain;  
Such soft Perswasion dwells upon thy Tongue,  
Such moving Eloquence attends the Song,  
That well thy *Numbers*, and their *Theme* agree  
And what You *paint*, You seem Your self to be.

D 4

To

---

\* Monsieur l'Abbé de *Langeron*, the Author's intimate Friend.





To the Right Honourable,

SUSANNA  
Countess of EGLINGTON,  
An EPISTLE.

---

*Non nostrum est, inquit, tantas attingere laudes. VIRG.*

---

TO Thee, fair EGLINGTON, a humble Swain  
This Tribute sends across the distant Main ;  
In Hopes Thy wondrous Goodness will excuse,  
These grateful Off'rings from no Venal *Muse* :  
Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,  
From Thee her Merit shall the *Muse* obtain ;  
Thy kind Acceptance shall new Charms display,  
And hide the Errors of her artless Lay.

NOT

NOT lawless Vice, tho' varnish'd o'er with State,  
 Not all the licens'd Follies of the Great,  
 Her Voice could move; — she scorn'd to flatter wrong  
 Or sooth Injustice with ambitious Song :  
 But fondly straying thro' the pleasing Groves,  
 She tun'd her artless Reed to rural Loves ;  
 Beauty alone her Harmony inspir'd,  
 Subdued her Soul, and all her Numbers fir'd.

IF now more arduous Paths she seeks to try,  
 And turns to nobler Themes her daring Eye ;  
 To Thee fair *Patrons*, the Verse is due,  
 So Gratitude directs and points to You,  
 Whose matchless Virtues fain she would display,  
 And suppliant thus her willing Homage pay.

BUT too advent'rous, how shall she set forth  
 The endless Circle of Thy shining Worth !  
 Where still succeeding Virtues croud so fast,  
 That 'tis impossible to name the last ;

So

So is the Fancy in the Prospect lost,  
 That scarce we know which to distinguish most :  
 With bright'ning Lustre is Thy Virtue seen,  
 Assisted by that all-attractive Mien ;  
 While to Thy faultless Form new Charms impart  
 Th' exalted Graces of Thy blameless Heart :  
 In every Character of Life You shine,  
 With lovely Excellence and Worth divine.

So the pleas'd Eye with secret Rapture sees,  
 Some finish'd Work of ITALY or GREECE ;  
 O'er the fair *Tablature* the Fancy strays,  
 In Wonder lost — and lavishes its Praise ;  
 A thousand Beauties yet remain behind,  
 That ask a Taste, like ANGEL O's to find.

WITH all the Charms that Nature cou'd afford,  
 With Wit enough to make those Charms ador'd,  
 From *Courts* retir'd, more soft Delights You boast  
 And to the undeserving World are lost ;

While



While all serene (oh may it ever last !)  
 Life incorrupt and Joys unmix'd You taste,  
 And with unutterable Transport find  
 The sacred Calmness of a virtuous Mind ;  
 Behold Your self, by all around You lov'd,  
 By Earth applauded, and by Heav'n approv'd.

Oh may propitious Heav'n indulge the Care,  
 Your Love bestows upon your noble Heir,  
 In manly Grace and Merit may he rise,  
 And charm each *Patriot's* Heart, each *Virgin's* Eyes :  
 Whate'er of his great Ancestors we read,  
 May all their Fame the lovely Youth exceed,  
 Till You behold Your own illustrious Boy,  
 His *Sov'reign's* Fav'rite, and his *Country's* Joy.

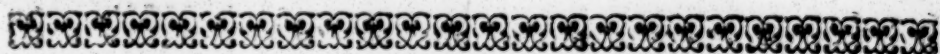
AND when the Power of Beauty he shall prove,  
 May happy Fortune crown his well plac'd Love !  
 Oh may the Nymph like KENNEDY be fair :  
 Her heav'nly Mind, and blooming Graces share ;

Thence.

Thence may a Race of future Heroes spring  
To bless their Native Land, and guard their King.

GENTLY accept what thus the *Muse* design'd  
A weak faint Copy of her *Master's* Mind  
By no false Hopes inspir'd of empty Fame,  
More just her Views, more generous was her Aim ;  
Where high Desert had taught her much to say  
She sought this small Acknowledgment to pay,  
She hopes for Pardon from her beauteous Theme,  
And screens her Numbers with thy *sacred Name*.





*To the Right Honourable,*

T H E

Countess of *EGLINGTON*,

At the B A T H,

A N E P I S T L E.

---

*Nec minus considerabo quid aures tuæ pati possunt, quam  
quod virtutibus debeatur.* P L I N. Panegyri.

---

O NCE more, bright EGLINGTON indulge the *Muse*,  
'That fir'd with Fame, Thy radiant Track pursues  
'Thro' *Southern* Climes, where while they fondly gaze  
Admiring Crowds grow lavish in Thy Praise ;  
And on Thy Form attentive while they stand,  
Forget the *Beauties* of their Native Land.

Now



Now fix'd at BATH, where circling Pleasures reign  
 And every gay Diversion crowds the Scene;  
 Let others paint Thee glitt'ring in the Throng  
 And every Grace, that marks Thy Way along;  
 Describe the Glories that around Thee shine,  
 Thy Mien majestic, and Thy Air divine!  
 Be mine the humbler Task — by *that* inspir'd  
 To view Thee from the busy World retir'd;  
 In some serene Retreat compos'd to rest,  
 (All but the Guardian-Angel in Thy Breast)  
 Whence, far below compassionate, you view,  
 The giddy Joys the restless Crowd pursue;  
 Who lost to Nature — seek Relief from Art,  
 Nor know the Raptures of Thy guiltless Heart.

THE *Muse* descries You in the silent Shade,  
 Converse with PLATO, and the *sacred Dead*;  
 Calmly revolve the Philosophic Page,  
 Victorious o'er the Waste of War and Age!

Like lovely GREY \* amidst the happy Grove  
 Ere yet her Heart was touch'd with GUILFORD'S Love;  
 Ere lost by Duty, fatally insnar'd,  
 The Royal Partnership of Grief she shar'd ;  
 Ere yet the Bitterness of Woe was known,  
 The shortliv'd Sceptre, and the thorny Crown,  
 Her hapless LORD'S Misfortunes and her own :  
 Like Thee, she learn'd her Passions to subdue,  
 Encrease her Knowledge and enlarge her View ;  
 From Wisdom's Stores to draw the sacred Balm,  
 That kept her fair untroubled Bosom calm  
 When the black Storm arose — and o'er her Head  
 Affliction all its noisy Billows spread ;  
 Like some tall Rock that lifts its peaceful Brow,  
 While Seas and Tempests vainly rage below,

So

---

\* Roger Ascham, Tutor to the Princess *Elisabeth*, coming to wait on Lady *Jane Grey* at her Father's House in *Leicestershire*, found her reading *Plato's Works in Greek*, while the rest of the Family were hunting in the Park, and asking her *How she could be absent from such pleasant Diversions ?* She answered, *The Pleasures of the Park were but Shadows to what she had been reading in Plato's Phedon.* Eachard's hist. p. 375. Edit. 1707.

So all-unmov'd appear'd the suffering *Queen*  
 Her Soul unconquer'd, and her Breast serene;  
 With matchless Fortitude, resign'd her Breath,  
 'Triumphant o'er the Pow'rs of Hell and Death.

IN YOUNG'S immortal Lays consign'd to Fame,  
 Secure shall shine the lovely *Heroine's* Name:  
 Alike Your Virtues — different be Your Fate,  
 May *You* be ever *Happy* as you're *Great*!

KIND Heav'n, propitious, hear the *Muse's* Prayer,  
 And make thy HELEN its all-guardian Care!  
 Renew her languid Charms with fresh Supplies,  
 Bloom on her Cheek, and sparkle in her Eyes;  
 Her Youth restor'd: — But chief among the rest  
 From every Stain, preserve her spotless Breast!  
 From gilded Flatt'ry and from poison'd Art,  
 And all the Mischiefs that beset the Heart.  
 Give her like *Thee*, to form her heav'nly Life,  
 The duteous *Daughter*, and the tender *Wife*;



In every *Character* to charm and please,  
And act at once with Dignity and Ease.

OH had the *Muse* but W A L L E R's heav'nly Fire !  
Or could she strike enchanting G R A N V I L L E's Lyre !  
No more should E N G L A N D of her *Charmers* boast,  
In thine should S A C H A R I S S A's Name be lost ;  
In Thee her every Grace should heighten'd shine,  
And M Y R A's boasted Beauties yield to Thine.

BUT faintly now the Vocal String I try,  
While on my 'Tongue the feeble Numbers die ;  
Weakly my Judgment dictates to my Hand,  
I sing no more, — except at *Her* Command  
Whose Smiles once more the drooping *Muse* can raise,  
Renew her Vigour, and revive her Lays.



*To the SAME,*

On her allowing the *Author*, to inscribe his  
*Poems* to her *Ladyship*.

---

*Et vera incessu patuit Dea !*

---

VIRG.

WHILE by Thy Favour, rising from its Woes  
To Heav'n and Thee my grateful Soul o'erflows;  
Forgive th'officious Duty, nor disdain  
Bright EGLINGTON the tributary Strain;  
'The Strain that seeks no borrow'd Help from Art,  
To speak the Language of a thankful Heart.

If 'tis like Heav'n to sooth the Mind distressed,  
And pour out Gladness on the troubled Breast;  
With Heav'n You share of Goodness the Excess,  
Like that You *charm* us, while like that You *blest* :  
Rejoice to see the Smiles Your self create,  
And 'tis Your least Distinction to be Great!

So while on wild PHÆACIA's rocky Coast,  
 TELEMACHUS deplores a Father lost;  
 While all-abandon'd, hopeless of Relief,  
 The solitary Shores resound his Grief;  
 To his sad Eyes in all her Charms array'd,  
 Appear'd MINERVA Heavn's *majestic Maid*;  
 (Who long beneath a borrow'd Form unknown  
 The kind *Protectress* of his Youth had gone.)  
 With Smiles divine, she chear'd his anxious Breast  
 With the glad Hopes of long expected Rest:  
 That done — the *Goddeſs* cut the yielding Air  
 While the *fond Youth* pursued with grateful Prayer  
 The *Guardian Pow'r* that sav'd him from Despair.







*To the SAME,*

Occasioned by seeing her *Ladyship's* PICTURE.

---

*So absolute she seems,  
And in her self compleat.*

---

MILTON,

WHEN happy PARIS in th' *Idalian* Shade  
 Heav'n's three contending *Goddeses* survey'd;  
 And gazing on her Charms with partial Eyes,  
 To VENUS gave immortal Beauty's Prize:  
 That Moment, had the ARGIVE *Maid* put on  
 The Air and Features of her EGLINGTON,  
 'Th' Angelic Mildness of her heav'nly Face,  
 Her faultless Shape, her ev'ry nameless Grace:  
 The *Queen* of Love her baffled Charms had mourn'd,  
 GREECE ne'er had arm'd, nor TROY had ever burn'd;  
 Nor had the *Youth* so fatally been blind,  
 To chuse a *Form*, regardless of the *Mind*.

*Verses*



*Verses sacred to the Memory of*

The Reverend

**Mr. JOHN ANDERSON,**

Minister at *GLASGOW*.

*Ob. Anno 1721.*

---

*Cui pudor & justitia soror  
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas :  
Quando ullum invenient parem ?*

---

HOR.

**S**HALL streaming Tears a Nation's Eyes o'erflow,  
And not a *Muse* partake the general Woe ?

Shall we be dumb because he speaks no more,

Who charm'd attentive Multitudes before,

Clos'd are those Eyes, and silent is that Tongue

Where sparkled Zeal and mild Instruction hung.

By Nature form'd to shine in ev'ry Scene,

To charm th'ambitious, or allure the vain :

Early he learn'd the Prospect to despise

And make his nobler Choice his kindred Skies :

For this himself and rising Hopes resign'd,  
 To live to Heav'n, and live for human Kind ;  
 Hard Trial to the Mind, could ought controul  
 A *Roman* Virtue in a *Christian* Soul ?

Oh could the Muse his generous Labours say !  
 To justify the Debt of Tears we pay ;  
 No Streams of Grief should be immod'rate thought,  
 Excess of Sorrow is an honest Fault.

His widow'd *Flock* best know his pious Care,  
 Taught by his Words and guarded by his Prayer ;  
 No more shall in his Eyes his Ardour shine,  
 No longer from his Lips flow Truths divine.  
 How wont the willing Crowd to gather round,  
 Hang on his Lips, and catch th' enchanting Sound ;  
 While in such Terms his Thoughts he still exprest  
 The Love of Virtue rose in every Breast  
 And ev'ry Heart its secret Faults confess,

Then



Then with what Ease the Tumult would he calm,  
 And to the Wounds he search'd apply the Balm !  
 So first their Danger to Mankind he taught,  
 Then like some *Guardian Angel*, comfort brought.

No R had his Speech alone such wond'rous Pow'r,  
 Tho' wondrous that — but still his Life was more ;  
 Where all the Charms of Virtue were display'd ;  
 And taught the World even more than all he said ;  
 Where all was open, unreserv'd and fair,  
 A generous Bosom, and a Heart sincere,  
 So firm to Truth, to Reason so resign'd,  
 At once impartial, and at once so kind,  
 That scarce we knew which most we should commend,  
 The free *Reprover*, or the tender *Friend* :  
 Such were the *Pastors* that in ancient Days,  
 Reclaim'd Mankind, and led in Vertue's Ways,  
 Such A S I A boasted, and such R O M E of old,  
 E'er Souls were barter'd for unrighteous Gold ;

Such great ERASMUS, gentle CRANMER shone,  
 And such the Man, O GLASGOW! late thy own:  
 Whose Life like theirs, in generous Labours past,  
 Was still the same and lovely to the last,

So in calm Ev'nings and unclouded Skies  
 Not less resplendent in his Fall than Rise;  
 The Westering Sun into the Main declines,  
 Bright, and more bright, and as he sets he shines!





*VERSES occasioned by the Death of*

HIS GRACE

The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

*Decus addite Divis,*

VIRG.

**A**T length the Fate's severe Decree is made,  
And Nature's noblest Debt at length is paid :  
*Illustrious Shade!* could the fond *Muse* express,  
'The mournful Nation's or her own Distress;  
'Thy weeping *Britons*, while thy Worth they view,  
Should yield the Tribute to thy Virtues due.

IN vain we paint thee with imperfect Lays,  
'Thy glorious Deeds disdain the Arts of Praise ;  
None durst the arduous Task attempt but one,  
For CHURCHILL'S Fame requir'd an ADDISON :

His



His Numbers set thee in the justest Light,  
 As you were born to *conquer*, he to *write* ;  
 In *Valour* and in *Wit* alike you shar'd,  
 The greatest *Hero*, the sublimest *Bard*,  
 So when AUGUSTUS rul'd the *Roman State*,  
 In peaceful Arts, and *mild Dominion* great ;  
 Heav'n rais'd a VIRGIL to record his Praise,  
 And send his Glory down to future Days.

THY Name, O MARLBOROUGH, shall for ever live,  
 And dear to ALBION Ages hence survive ;  
 To latest Times thy Glory shall be known,  
*Britons* unborn recount thy Triumphs won,  
 And in her grateful Annals shalt thou stand  
 The foremost HERO of thy *Freeborn Land* ?

THEE too GERMANIA her *Deliv'rer* owns  
 Who sav'd from Ruin her devoted Towns ;  
 By Foes oppress'd, and by her Friends betray'd,  
 She pensive look'd around for timely Aid ;

Her

Her *awful* Father saw his sinking States,  
 A Prey to Rapine, and to hostile Fates ;  
 With Grief beheld the *Victor-Flames* arise,  
 And heard his poor despairing People's Cries ;  
 When from afar — lo he beheld thee come,  
 The *great Supporter* of his falling *Throne* :  
 With Joy he mark'd thy Arm victorious go,  
 And pour Destruction on a faithless Foe ;  
 On *BLLENHEIM'S* Plain with ample Vengeance pay,  
 The barbarous Rage of many a fatal Day ;  
 On lawless *GALLIA* large Reprisals make,  
 For *Liberty's* and injur'd *EUROPE'S* Sake ;  
 While thou by grateful *CÆSAR* was decreed,  
*Prince of that Empire* which thy Arms had freed.

THOSE Arms his Scourge did haughty *LOUIS* see,  
 And found the *English* Prowess rise in thee,  
 What Wonders his great Ancestors of old,  
 Of *NEVILL* had or gallant *TALBOT* told,

Of

Of *Captive Kings* that wore the *British Chain*,  
 Or *AGENCOURT'S* or *CRESSY'S* fatal Plain,  
 In thee their noblest Acts out match'd he view'd,  
 His Armies conquer'd, and his Pride subdu'd;  
 While like another greater *HENRY* thou,  
 New Trophies ravish'd from his fading Brow,  
 And by successive Triumphs bravely won,  
 Eclips'd the Lustre of his *boasted Sun* \*,  
 And shew'd th' *immortal Man* could be o'ercome,  
 Till sunk with Grief, and loaded with Disgrace  
 He sought a *Refuge* in the *Arts of Peace*.

HERE would the *Muse* o'er Mem'ry draw a Veil,  
 And tender all her Country's Faults conceal;  
 That could alas, too negligent of Worth,  
 Behold thee go a *Victor-Exile* forth;  
 Till safe returning with her awful *Lord*,  
 With thee she saw her *Liberty* restor'd;

The

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\* The celebrated Device of *Louis XIV.* was the *Sun*, with this Motto *Nec pluribus impar*: And the Inscription beneath the *Statue* erected for him in the *Place de Victoires* at *Paris*, by the Duke of *Fenillade*, began with *Viro Immortali*.



The first great Favours of his *Reign* to share,  
In *Peace* belov'd, and honour'd as in *Wars*

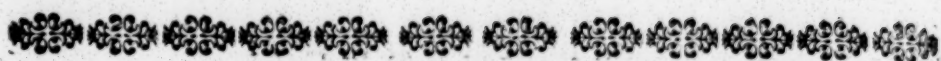
WITHIN the *sacred Tomb* repos'd in *Peace*,  
The restless Malice of thy Foes shall cease;  
And after-Days that read thy glorious Name,  
Do ample Justice to the *Hero's* Fame;  
To their admiring Sons thy Actions teach,  
Actions their Language shall but faintly reach;  
Till by the great Example fir'd, they breathe,  
The *Love of Liberty* and *Scorn of Death*.

So the fam'd HERO \* of immortal *Greece*,  
The *Scourge of Tyrants* and the *Friend of Peace*;  
In Life by Men neglected saw his Name,  
Till Death secur'd his everlasting Fame:  
And by his Loss (his Virtues understood)  
Th' exalted *Mortal* rose into a GOD!

To

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\* HERCULES.



To the Right Honourable,  
The Lord *CARTERET*,

On his first Arrival in IRELAND, *Anno* 1725.

---

————— *Tibi cura magni*  
*Cæsaris fatis data, tu secundo*  
*Cæsare regnes.*

---

HOR.

**W**HILE listning Crowds with Envy catch thy Name,  
And a glad Nation does thy Worth proclaim;  
While every grateful Look to CARTERET bends,  
And all around thy just Applause extends;  
Permit the *Muse* thy blest Approach to greet,  
And lay her early Homage at thy Feet.

IN foreign Courts thy *Dawn* of Merit shone,  
By them admir'd, yet scarce by BRITAIN known:  
Till in the Arts of Government compleat,  
She saw thee shine distinguishingly great;

At

At length, behold, the pleasing Task assign'd,  
 (A Task well suited to thy generous Mind : )  
 With thy consummate Care a *Land* to bless,  
 A sinking *Land* ! and all her Woes redress ;  
 A Work that may thy Virtue well employ,  
 And prove to *save* is greater than *destroy*.

\* IN vain, *My LORD!* a *bounteous Cline* we boast,  
 A *fertile Soil*, and an *inviting Coast* ;  
 In vain from *BRITAIN* our Descent we claim,  
 A barren Honour ! and an empty Name !  
 While jealous of her Sons, as of her Foes,  
 Our *Mother-Country* does our Bliss oppose ;  
 And stops the Springs from whence our Plenty flows ;  
 Relentless hears our humble duteous Cries,  
 And to her Sons her boasted Rights denies ;

Not

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\* Upon this Head see the Resolutions of the *House of Lords* in *Ireland* on the Case of Lord *Dudley and Ward* in 1703, Mr. *Molyneux's* Case of the Independency of *Ireland*, and the *Drapier's Letters* by Dr. *Swift*.



Nor thinks how oft for BRITAIN'S dearer Good,  
 Her loyal Sons have shed their choicest Blood :  
 In Fields of Death have lavish'd Lives in vain,  
 And fought for Blessings which they can't obtain.

CARTERET forgive these Truths, since Truths  
 like these,

Demand a *Patriot's* Skill like thine to ease ;  
 On thee for Succour does HIBERNIA wait,  
 And hopes from thy *Protection* milder Fate ;  
 Behold her *golden Harp* neglected stand,  
 Untun'd, fit Emblem of a wasted Land !  
 But soon as CARTERET'S glad Approach she heard,  
 A rising Smile the *beauteous Mourner* chear'd ;  
 Whose God-like Vertue might she hop'd restore,  
 That Land *immortal* NASSAU fav'd before.

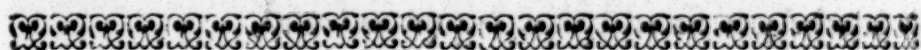
W O U L D Royal GEORGE a Nation's Vows accord,  
 That loyal own and bless their mighty Lord !

Would

Would BRITAIN wear a tender Mother's Face,  
 And with her Smiles her faithful Offspring grace !  
 How would her Sons, still zealous for her Cause,  
 Assert her Empire and maintain her Laws ?  
 For her dear Safety every Danger try,  
 And live like *Britons*, or like *Britons* dye.  
 While you, *my LORD*, by whom these Blessings came  
 Crown'd with HIBERNIA's great *Restorer's* Name;  
 To latest Ages should that Name descend,  
 CARTERET ! of *Arts* and *Liberty* the *Friend* !

AND thou fair WORSELEY, whose attractive Form  
 No Eye can see without a secret Charm;  
 Whose Beauty such extensive Force exerts,  
 And by such pow'rful Magic binds our Hearts,  
 In native Goodness bright, oh, sweetly smile,  
 And with thy gentle Influence bless our Isle !  
 So shall our future *Bards* thy Virtues paint,  
 And thou be stil'd HIBERNIA's *Female Saint*.

FORGIVE, *my LORD*, the fondly daring String,  
 That seeks on *Themes* like these, to *you* to sing ;  
 No Motives urg'd her too presumptuous Flight,  
 But *Love* of *Liberty* and *sacred Right* :  
 How deep they dwelt within his *Patriot-Breast*,  
 She knew, to whom her *Numbers* were address ;  
*Numbers* that faintly make her Duty known,  
 While in the publick Joy she sinks her own !



*Written in Mr. WATT'S* Horæ Lyricæ.

## I.

HERE let th' attentive *Reader* learn  
 On heavenly Wings to rise ;  
 And All-contemplative discern  
 The Wonders of the Skies !

## II.

COMPASSION kind and boundless Love,  
 Here seem divinely bright :  
 And *Mercy* like the *Silver Dove*  
 Allures the ravish'd Sight.

## III. THI



III.

THY Soul, great WATTS! forsakes the Earth,  
And scorns the glitt'ring Toy;  
While conscious of her higher Birth  
She seeks immortal Joy.

IV.

THY melting Numbers touch the Soul,  
And kind Devotion warm;  
Each jarring Thought with Ease controul,  
And bless us, while they charm.

V.

O HAPPY whose seraphic Mind,  
Such Heights sublime can rise!  
Can leave the lessening World behind,  
And mingle with the Skies.

VI.

BUT happier far shall be thy Fate,  
When Death shall break the Chain;  
And set thee loose to Bliss complete,  
To Joys that know no Pain.

## VII.

THERE shalt thou thy *immortal Lyre*,  
 In Songs of Praise employ !  
 And feel the sacred Task inspire  
 Thy Breast with endless Joy.



*Written in Mr. WALLER'S Poems, given to  
 Mr. T ——— G ——— Anno 1722.*

WHAT Thanks to THYRSIS' friendly Care I owe  
 My grateful Heart has long desir'd to show;  
 But when thy oft try'd *Friendship* I explore,  
 I find the mighty Sum exceed my Power ;  
 In Wonder lost your Virtues I survey,  
 And own the Debt, unable to repay.

EAGER to see the *Friend* I lov'd so well,  
 I bid with Joy my *Native Shores* farewell ;  
 Thro' every Obstacle I urg'd my Way,  
 And dar'd the Dangers of the faithless Sea ;

Who e'er had fought my Passage to restrain,  
 Since pow'rful MYRA fail'd, had fought in vain :  
 In vain the lovely Maid implor'd my Stay,  
 While thy superior Friendship wing'd my Way :  
 Thro' all I broke impatient to thy Arms,  
 And THYRSIS triumph'd over *Beauty's* Charms.

At length my Wish obtain'd, my *Friend* possess'd,  
 I bid my Soul indulge her new-found Rest ;  
 A calm serene did all my Bosom fill,  
 Too sure a Presage of impending Ill !  
 For now my visionary Hopes are crost,  
 And where I hop'd to find thee, — thou art lost —  
 With thee each Scheme of future Comfort flies,  
 And all around me dreadful Visions rise !  
 At thy Departure all my Pleasures end,  
 And all I lose, whene'er I lose my *Friend* :  
 What Images of Grief appear in View !  
 And fancy'd Tortures thus precede the true :



Increase the Measure of my heighten'd Grief,  
Excite new Sorrows, and exclude Relief.

WHERE'ER I turn my melancholy Eyes,  
Some sad Ideas of my Loss arise,  
Your Voice I seem in every Sound to hear,  
But find alas your Shade is only there;  
Without his Partner is OCTAVIO seen,  
And pensive now he treads the flow'ry *Green*.

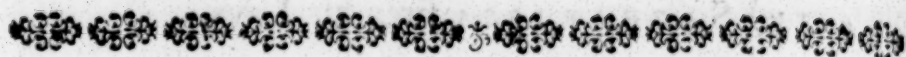
THESE Scenes of Sorrow shortly shall be true;  
And these sad Prospects am I doom'd to view!  
'Tis but a little Moment e'er you go,  
The fatal *Æra* of my future Woe.

RECEIVE, dear THYRSIS, e'er we sadly part,  
This trifling Gift but from a grateful Heart;  
Let your *lov'd Bard* your kind Acceptance claim,  
With thee he mourns an ill requited Flame;

While

While cruel SACHARISSA fires his Lays,  
 But ill thy CÆLIA all thy Vows repays;  
 With secret Joy, ill-natur'd sees thee pine,  
 And frowns ungrateful on a *Love* like thine,  
 O then be warn'd, the fair *Deceiver* fly  
 Nor tempt the pleasing Mischiefs of her Eye,  
 For thee remains in Store a milder Fate,  
 The haughty *Maid* shall signal Vengeance wait:  
 Too late shall she mistaken Conduct see,  
 And mourn too late her Cruelty to thee;  
 While thee a Train of smiling Years attend,  
 And Peace and Joy shall crown my *bappy Friend*.





*To the S A M E,*  
On his leaving the *University.*

*Anno 1722.*

---

*Reddes incolumem, precor,  
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.*

---

HOR.

**F**OR thee once more the Muse her Pinions tries,  
And seeks again on daring Wings to rise;  
Nor with a rigid Eye her Faults attend,  
But lose the Poet, as you view the Friend;  
'To thee does the well-natur'd Task belong  
To judge with Candor of OCTAVIO's Song:  
His trembling Muse by you was first inspir'd,  
She long'd to copy what she so admir'd;  
The fond Ambition from your Lays she drew,  
And owns the Author of her Verse in you.

BUT oh, what pow'ful Numbers shall she find  
To tell the Language of her grateful Mind!

Here



Here failing Words the wild Expression break —  
 And what she feels the most — she least can speak.

OUR kindred Souls at first Acquaintance join'd,  
 And with a secret Sympathy combin'd;  
 E'er since thy faithful Partnership I've prov'd,  
 And found by many an Instance how you lov'd,  
 In every Turn of Life an honest Guide,  
 The same unwearied Friend, tho' often try'd;  
 In each Affliction still you bore a Part,  
 Smil'd at my Joys, and gave me half your Heart:  
 Calm and impartial and advising well,  
 Tender the Faults of wand'ring Youth to heal;  
 Well skill'd alike to counsel, or improve,  
 Thy Converse *Wisdom*, and thy Bosom *Love*.

SHORT are the Joys, my *Friend*, that Man can boast,  
 And soon our fancy'd Dreams of Bliss are lost;  
 Does any Good exceed the Pain it brings?  
 Leaves not each fleeting Joy its secret Stings?

Our

Our largest Hopes produce proportion'd Fears,  
 Blessings obtain'd but propagate new Cares ;  
 The Wish possess'd ne'er satisfies the Heart,  
 But ev'ry Anguish leaves a double Smart,

WHAT is *Ambition* but a gilded Cheat ?  
 A desp'rate Hazard for uncertain Fate !  
 What mighty *Honour* but a well wrought Charm,  
 To keep the Cowa'rd's unwilling Courage warm ?  
 A Real Mischief lurks beneath the Name,  
 To purchase which we venture *Life* and *Fame* !  
 Do Heaps of *Treasure* fill with Joy the Heart,  
 Or save their wretched *Lord* from Pain or Smart ?  
 Even that great Bliss whose Pow'r all Mankind prove,  
 That dear, deceitful, transient Pleasure, *Love* !  
 No equal Satisfaction can bestow,  
 To ballance all its Train of secret Woe,

So in some desert unfrequented Wild,  
 The 'nighted *Traveller* lies in Sleep beguil'd ;

And

And while his wearied Limbs are sunk in Rest,  
 Imaginary Visions sooth his Breast;  
 Wondring he sees the beauteous Prospects rise,  
 And op'ning *Vistas* court his ravish'd Eyes;  
 Short is the Bliss — at Morn when he awakes,  
 In fleeting Air the fair Illusion breaks; —  
 And the deluded Eye surveys around,  
 Th' extended Forest and the naked Ground.

THESE Truths, my *Friend*, let sad *Experience* tell,  
 A Mistress ever sure to dictate well:  
 By whom convinc'd, Life's erring Steps we find,  
 And feel her Sov'reign Influence o'er the Mind.  
 Well has she taught, my *Thyrsis*, you and I,  
 And bid us lay our former Follies by;  
 Her happy Dictates may we both obey,  
 And yield submissive to her gentle Sway!

THEN when our Woes hereafter shall be o'er  
 And Beauty have the Pow'r to charm no more!

Then



Then shalt thou recollect thy ancient Friend,  
 And to OCTAVIO kindly greeting fend ;  
 The tender Commerce once again renew,  
 And prove in Absence, Friendship ever true ;  
 While on some low, sequestred, chearful Stage,  
 We gently pass our slow declining Age ;  
 Pleas'd and contented with our humble State,  
 Compos'd within, behold approaching Fate ;  
 With patient Thought its near Advances view,  
 And learn with Peace to bid the World *adieu* !

GREAT SCIPIO found in such a blest Retreat,  
 That to be *Happy*, was not to be *Great* ;  
 In that divine Retirement found more Charms,  
 Than e'er he prov'd amidst his conquering Arms.  
 Such was the Lot immortal COWLEY chose,  
 Here met with Fortitude the last of Foes :  
 Here like the Swan his dying Notes he sung,  
 And the last Numbers falter'd on his Tongue.

Thy fav'rite WALLER too here found his Ease,  
 And fought in Peace to spend his Ev'ning-Days;  
 Here for the Follies of his Youth he mourn'd  
 And griev'd the hopeless Flames in which he burn'd,  
 No more the Groves with SACHARISSA rung,  
 Immortal *Happiness* inspir'd his Song.

GRANT, gentle *Heav'n*, like theirs may be my Lot!  
 Lost to the World, unenvied, and forgot.  
 With *Virtue* blest, and *Health* and inward *Peace*,  
 Divine Companions! would I spend my Days.  
 And thou bright *Goddeſs*, LIBERTY divine!  
 Oft would I grateful offer at thy Shrine,  
 Whose smiling Presence would my Wish complete,  
 And crown the Blessings of my humble State.  
 Blessings, *Death* might suspend, but not destroy,  
*Death* could not taint the Source of such a Joy.



To Mr. M----- V-----

AN EPISTLE.

---

*Omnia vincit Amor, & nos cedamus Amori.* VIRG.

---

WITH *Love* and all its Train of Woes oppress,  
 To thee, CÆSARIO! I apply for Rest,  
 To thee reveal the Sorrows of my Breast.  
*Friendship* was form'd to soften ev'ry Smart,  
 To cure the Pangs of a tormented Heart;  
 To break the force of Woe and wasting Care,  
 To ease Affliction, and to heal Despair.

Oh, then, my Friend its sacred Influence prove!  
 Against that Foe to human Quiet, *Love*;  
 For *Love* some sov'reign Counter-Poison find,  
 And gain the general Blessing of Mankind;  
 Then try the Force of that harmonious *Art*,  
 That best can mitigate the raging Smart:

For



For soon as e'er the Magic Notes arise,  
 I feel new Passions in my Bosom rise,  
 Thy moving *Voice* can calm the stormy Breast,  
 And charm the wild tumultuous Soul to Rest !  
 But soon as e'er th'enchanting Sounds are gone,  
 With Pow'r increas'd again the Foe comes on ;  
 To all his Darts the soften'd Heart gives Way,  
 And *Music* helps to make the easier Prey.

So when fair CIRCLE, with infernal Charms,  
 Allur'd ULYSSES to her magic Arms,  
 His hardy Friends to mystic Pow'rs gave Way,  
 And fell to tuneful Rites an easy Prey ;  
 Even the great HERO felt his Bosom warm,  
 And prov'd the Force of the mysterious Charm ;  
 Till warn'd by Fate, in Deafness Help he found,  
 And clos'd his Ears from the destructive Sound.

IN vain, my Friend, our *Sister-Arts* we try,  
 Lost are my *Lays*, and lost thy *Harmony*.

In vain with *Love* unequal Pow'rs we join,  
 Against our selves our *Sister-Arts* combine !  
 While fair EMILIA pains my captive Heart,  
 In vain thy *Musick* would allay the Smart :  
 Nor from BELINDA'S pleasing Tyranny,  
 Can my weak *Numbers* set CÆSARIO free :  
 Alike our *Arts* united fruitless prove,  
 And yield to the Almighty Force of *Love* !

So the great *Master* of the *sacred Throng*,  
 The GOD of *Verse*, and *Medicine*, and *Song*,  
 When DAPHNE'S beauteous Form his Eyes survey'd,  
 And saw the Graces of the Matchless Maid ;  
 His Heart then first resistless *Love* confest,  
 New Fires, till then unfelt, inflam'd his Breast ;  
 Tormented with the un-remitting Pain,  
 To each mysterious Art he turn'd in vain,  
 Nor *Plants*, nor *Musick*, nor his sacred *Art*,  
 Could drive the lurking Mischief from his Heart ;

In vain the cruel *Virgin* he implor'd  
 In vain pursu'd, and mortal Charms ador'd:  
 No Pray'rs th' inexorable Fair could move,  
 Or melt her stubborn Heart to mutual *Love*,

IF PHOEBUS felt the fatal Passion found,  
 Nor could his sacred *Bays* avert the Wound,  
 Then wonder not if we his Arrows prove,  
 " *Love conquers all, and we must yeild to Love !*"



To Mrs. H----- J-----

AN EPISTLE,

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
 Angulus ridet.* —————

HOR.

FROM *Northern Climes*, where Winds impetuous blow,  
 And Silver Streams in rugged Channels flow,  
 Where hoary Hills a chilling Prospect yeild,  
 And Frosts despoil the Verdure of the Field;  
 To you the *Infant-Muse* commends her Lays,  
 Whose sole Ambition centres in your Praise,

G

OFT



OFT as on CLYDE's sweet Bank I gently stray,  
 And wand'ring take my solitary Way,  
 Your dear *Idea* fills my vacant Mind  
 And gives me all the Joys I left behind.  
 To the known Form (for oft your Form appears,  
 And oft your well known Voice alarms my Ears)  
 I turn with fond Delight my ravish'd Eyes,  
 And gaze till into Air the Vision flies.  
 Still would I think the dear Illusion true,  
 And to the River's Brink the Shade pursue:  
 But there I lose you where the Ocean flows,  
 And Winds and Waves betwixt us interpose.

ON GLOTTA'S Shore a beauteous *Vale* \* there lies  
 Where all the Charms of Nature blended rise;  
 Here genial Spring the breathing Foliage warms,  
 And ev'n bleak Winter has its *Chrystal* Charms:  
 Here Nature first her flow'ry Honours wears,  
 And the first Beauty of the Year appears,

While

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\* The Green of GLASGOW.

While here the venerable Pines arise,  
 And murm'ring wave amidst th' inclement Skies,  
 (As scatter'd Greens on Z E M B L A's Mountains show  
 And chear the Eye amidst eternal Snow.)  
 While gently winding round the flow'ry Plain  
 C L Y D E rolls his Silver Tide, and guards the beauteous  
 Scene,

H I T H E R the Mind unbent from Study goes,  
 And quits the busy World's delusive Shows ;  
 Here in her self contemplative she reigns,  
 And views around the fair-extended Plains ;  
 Pleas'd hears below the murmuring River's Sound,  
 And seems to tread on some enchanted Ground.

Y E T are not all these Pleasures wholly true,  
 Since even in Solitude I wish for you :  
 To you again would wing my hasty Way,  
 Encounter Storms, and cross the spacious Sea-:

All Obstacles would stop my Course in vain,  
 Not rising Mountains, nor th' unbounded Main  
 Could her impetuous eager Flight restrain :  
 But Nature's Pow'r controuls her weaker Force,  
 And her eternal Laws restrain my Course.

Oh ! may the happy Time at length appear,  
 That Day the fairest in the circling Year ;  
 When all Restraints at Distance shall remove,  
 And Gales auspicious wait me to my *Love* ;  
 ( *Love*, did I say — ? yes sure a *Sister's* Name  
 May the fond Title without Censure claim )  
 Then will I leave lov'd Learning's happy Seat,  
 These shady Haunts, the Muses soft Retreat :  
 For thee I'll trust the faithless Seas once more,  
 For thee again the dreaded Deeps explore ;  
 The Peace, by softly-soothing Hope bestow'd,  
 Shall bear me thro' the wild uncertain Road,  
 Th' Approach of Joy shall gently smooth the Way,  
 Disperse the Storms, and calm the swelling Sea.



AND when my *Native Shore* shall greet my Sight,  
 And all my Breast indulge the soft Delight:  
 Till I see you Delight is incomplete,  
 And my Soul wants its long desir'd Retreats  
 That Moment come — to which my Wishes haste,  
 That happy Moment pays for all the past !



## The CONTENTION :

A POEM.

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*Such killing Wounds, so thick the Arrows fly !  
 It is unsafe to be a Stander by :  
 Poets approaching to describe the Fight,  
 Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.* WALLER.

---

AS once to PARIS in the sylvan Shade,  
 Bright VENUS, JUNO, and th' ATHENIAN Maid,  
 For Beauty's Prize in fair Contention came ;  
 One offer'd Pow'r, and one immortal Fame,  
 But VENUS set to his enamour'd Eyes  
 Fair HELEN's Charms, and gain'd the glorious Prize :

'Too weak for those Ambition's Glories prove  
For what are *Wealth* and *Fame* compar'd with Love?

So while all-conquering Beauties Triumphs last,  
If modern Tales may emulate the past;  
Thus once the blest ALEXIS, happy Swain,  
Three *brighter Sisters* partial fought to gain:  
Each would the Merit of her Beauty learn,  
Tho' hard the Task, the Fairest to discern.  
Scarce could the *Youth* the lovely Strife agree,  
Or point the *Fairest* of the charming *Three*.  
Confus'd a while and motionless he stood:  
Fear aw'd his Soul, and Rapture fir'd his Blood;  
No longer *Reason* could her Empire boast,  
But in the soft Astonishment was lost.  
At length, with down cast Eyes, and trembling Heart,  
Thus did the Youth his Sentiments impart.

“ Your fatal Bounty, *Lovely Nymphs*, I own:  
“ But why to me is the Distinction shown?

" To me — unequal to a Task so great,  
 " Who while I judge, stand anxious for my Fate ;  
 " Who can presume superior Charms to tell,  
 " Where all in Beauty, and in Sense excell ?  
 " But if by partial Fondness led astray,  
 " I fix the Honours of the doubtful Day ;  
 " Impute the Error to my captive Mind,  
 " A Lover's Judgment must be always blind.

" OH ARAMINTA ! who shall rashly say,  
 " 'The matchless Charms thy Face, and Shape display?  
 " Compleatly form'd to please, with *Magic* Art  
 " At once you strike the ill-defended Heart ;  
 " Surpriz'd we gaze, so lovely is the Form,  
 " Unapprehensive of th' approaching Storm ;  
 " With bold Ambition, Charms like thine survey,  
 " Sport with the Darts, to which we fall a Prey ;  
 " And look our *Sense* and *Liberty* away. }  
 " Take Heed, ye Shepherds, how ye tempt your Fate,  
 " Who seeks her Favour, surely meets her Hate :



“ Who fondly dares to hope, is doom’d to bear  
“ The Curse of wretched Love, and cold Despair.  
“ Why was th’ Extravagance of Beauty giv’n  
“ Thus to abuse the bounteous Gift of Heav’n?  
“ Alas! one Nymph such wide Extremes should share,  
“ A Heart so cruel, in a Breast so fair!

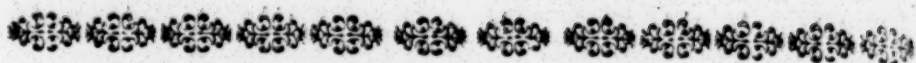
“ BEHOLD engaging DELIA next appear,  
“ A Maid all gentle, affable, and dear!  
“ Each fairer Virtue does her Soul adorn,  
“ And gilds the Graces of her outward Form;  
“ While she intent on the superior Part,  
“ Improves her Judgment, and amends her Heart;  
“ Fit to embellish every Scene of Life,  
“ The humble *Daughter*, or the faithful *Wife*.

“ But see! EMILIA rises to the Sight  
“ In every Virtue, every Beauty bright!  
“ See those Love-darting Eyes, that heav’nly Mien!  
“ Behold her shine like Love’s resistless *Queen*!

" Thou Fairest Wonder of thy fairest Kind,  
 " By Heav'n some Image of it self design'd !  
 " As if in thee it took peculiar Care,  
 " And form'd thee like some *Favourite Scrapp* there !

" BUT tho' thy Beauty strikes the ravish'd Sight,  
 " Thy Virtue shines distinguishingly bright !  
 " And all the Graces of thy Form combin'd,  
 " Yield to the Charms of thy unblemish'd Mind ;  
 " Where all is spotless, gentle, and serene,  
 " One Calm of Life untouch'd by Guilt or Pain !

" COULD I in equal Lays thy Worth design,  
 " Or paint exalted Merit, such as thine !  
 " To latest Ages should thy Name survive,  
 " And in my Verse EMILIA ever live ;  
 " Th' admiring World should listen to thy Praise  
 " And the fair *Portrait* charm succeeding Days.



To Mr. M----- A-----

---

*Scribere jussit Amor.*

OVID.

---

IF for thy Sake once more the drooping Muse  
 Replumes her Pinions, and her Strength renews;  
 FLORIO! with kind Regard the Strain attend,  
 And gently lose the *Critic* in the *Friend*.  
 If the low Measures flow devoid of Art,  
 Believe they come all naked from the Heart;  
 And let the *Verse* thy fond Attention claim  
 That wears thy matchless LEONORA'S Name.

CYNTHIA and ENDYMION:

A TALE.

Where CARIA'S fertile Plains extended lye,  
 And with their Golden Plenty charm the Eye,  
 A Hill there stood — Mount LATMOS was the Name,  
 To CYNTHIA sacred and her *Virgin Train*:



A thousand Beauties mark th' enchanted Scene,  
 Its Fountains Chrystal, and its Forests green :  
 Here oft in Chase the wandring *Goddeſs* ſtray'd;  
 Bath'd in its Springs, or ſlept beneath its Shade :  
 Here with her *Nymphs* ſhe ſpent the Summer Morn,  
 The Woods reſounded with her Silver Horn :  
 Here oft ſhe paſt the Ev'ning Hour away,  
 And eas'd the Labours of the ſultry Day.

Not diſtant far, there dwelt a youthful *Swain*,  
 The Pride and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain ;  
 With all *MINERVA'S* manly Virtues bleſt,  
 His beauteous Form the *GOD* of *LOVE* confeſt ;  
 His Mind ſuperior ſcorn'd the vulgar Joys,  
 The aukward Frolic and the Ruſtic Noiſe ;  
 But often when the buſy Day was o'er,  
 His ſecret Steps the Woodland Shades explore,  
 Where loſt in Contemplation's ſoft Delight,  
 He ſpent the ſilent Hour, — till gloomy Night

Had

Had o'er the Heav'ns her Sable Curtain spread,  
 And call'd the *Swain* unwilling to his Bed :  
 There oft he tun'd his Reed to Sounds of Love,  
 And like another ORPHEUS charm'd the Grove.

BUT chief to range the Woods was his Delight,  
 When Silver CYNTHIA shew'd her gentle Light ;  
 For oft the *Lovely Queen of Night* he blest,  
 And to her Shrine his Midnight Vows address'd.

IT hap'd one Eve beneath the Myrtle Shade,  
 In careless Ease was young ENDYMION laid,  
 Soft by the Murmur of a falling Stream,  
 He breath'd impatient, till the Moment came  
 To bless his Sight with CYNTHIA's gentle Beam :  
 Near him, his Spear lay useless on the Ground,  
 The gentle *Zephyrs* play'd in Breezes round ;  
 No Vocal Sounds resounded thro' the Grove,  
 But Nightingales, that warbled plaintive Love.

“ Oh come, (the Shepherd cry’d) auspicious *Queen*,  
 “ And with thy Presence bless the happy Scene !  
 “ Haste, sacred CYNTHIA ! bid thy Car arise !  
 “ Haste, CYNTHIA ! and ascend yon Azure Skies !  
 “ What tho’ thy Brother’s Glories strike the Sight,  
 “ Than thine less charming, tho’ more strongly bright ;  
 “ Thy milder Beauties far outshine the Day,  
 “ And make the gloomy Face of Nature gay !  
 “ Haste CYNTHIA ! nor delay thy chearful Rise,  
 “ And bless ENDYMION’s sad benighted Eyes !

HE said — and felt the gentle GOD of Sleep,  
 O’er his faint Eyes with soft Advances creep ;  
 The little *Cupids* watch’d attendant round,  
 Some pluck’d the Flowers, and some the Garland bound ;  
 Some plac’d the Wreath upon his polish’d Brow,  
 His Brow that made the darken’d Lilly glow ;  
 Some o’er his Cheeks the falling Ringlets spread,  
 His Cheeks that taught the Rose a fairer Red ;

Thus



Thus lay the Youth so ravishingly fair  
 CUPID himself seem'd to ly sleeping there,

AND now fair CYNTHIA bid her Car arise  
 And hasten'd up the long benighted Skies :  
 From whence the Face of Nature wide-display'd,  
 Oceans, and Plains, and Forests she survey'd.  
 Soon to her favourite Hill the Goddess past,  
 And from her Robe the Pearly Dew she cast :  
 But as by Chance she threw her Veil aside,  
 The flow'ry Bank, and sleeping *Swain* she spy'd :  
 Struck with the Object, strait without Delay  
 Descending to the Place she bends her Way :  
 The little *Cupids* startled at the Sight,  
 Soon left their Charge, and took their hasty Flight :  
 And now bright CYNTHIA nearer views his Face,  
 Her eager Eyes his blooming Features trace ;  
 In Rapture runs each native Beauty o'er,  
 Still gazes longer, and still wonders more :

Unwilling, now she offers to retire,  
 Retain'd by strong, till then unknown Desire :  
 And now she seats her by the sleeping Swain,  
 And fondly looks — and sighs, — and looks again :  
 Now o'er his Locks her busy Fingers rove,  
 His Hand she snatches, and imprints with Love :  
 At the dear Touch — his drooping Spirits rouse,  
 He shakes the Slumber from his heavy Brows :  
 He lifts his Head, and lost in wild Surprise,  
 On the Majestic Form he fix'd his Eyes. —  
 He rose, beneath her Feet himself to cast,  
 While with a soft Embrace she held him fast ;  
 And blushing as she shun'd his tender Look,  
 The *Goddeſs* thus in soft Confusion spoke.

“ My Presence, lovely Shepherd ! cease to fear,  
 “ 'Tis *Love* alone conducts a *Goddeſs* here,  
 “ No *VENUS* I, that new Amours explore,  
 “ My *Virgin-Heart* was never touch'd before ;

“ Thy

“ Thy artless humble Vows I long have heard,  
 “ Receive a Mortal, the divine Reward ;  
 “ Deserve the Blessing, and prepare to join,  
 “ In sacred Rites thy faithful Hand to mine.

To whom the Swain, - “ Bright *Goddeſs*! Power ador’d!  
 “ Lo, at thy Feet, I plight my ſacred Word!  
 “ Unequal to my Worth my Fate I own,  
 “ Who place no Merit, but in Love alone ;  
 “ As Witneſs of the Nuptial-Vow I ſwear,  
 “ This Robe, All-charming CYNTHIA, deign to wear,  
 “ (The ſame that when eternal Faith he vow’d,  
 “ To fair CALISTA my fond *Sire* beſtow’d.”) —  
 So ſaying — from his Neck the Scarf he drew,  
 With Pearls and Silver ſparkling to the View ;  
 And round the ſmiling *Queen*, he fondly plac’d,  
 With mutual Transports, and Endearments chaſte.

Thus oft, if Bards ſay true, in LATMOſ<sup>s</sup> Groves,  
 (The conſcious Scene of their connubial Loves)

When



When all the wearied World was sunk in Rest;  
 With his chaste CYNTHIA was ENDYMION blest:  
 In mutual Faith unceasing Joys they find,  
 The Shepherd faithful, and the Goddess kind.



IN lovely LEONORA'S Friendship blest;  
 Justly the Tale to FLORIO is address'd:  
 While other Hearts on lifeless Beauty roll;  
 Fond of the *Face*, regardless of the *Soul*;  
 Thy virtuous Bosom nobler Motives warm;  
 And the fair Mind's superior Graces charm:  
 Like CYNTHIA'S Charms, thy LEONORA'S please,  
 Steal on the Heart, and melt by just Degrees;  
 In native Modesty, with Air serene,  
 She looks the Goddess, and she moves the Queen.

LIKE fond ENDYMION'S Passion thine is known,  
 Such as the *Maid* without a Blush may own:  
 And while her Heart with tender Pity flows,  
 With faithful Love thy generous Bosom glows;

H

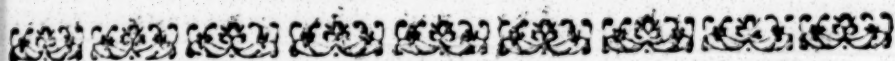
Thro'

Thro' thy fond Breast, in every vital Vein,  
 The dear excelling *Virgin* holds her Reign ;  
 In ev'ry Thought, in every Wish she shares,  
 Eternal Object of thy pleasing Cares !

MAY Heav'n all-gracious of your Vows approve,  
 And crown with just Rewards your constant Love !  
 Safe may it guard you thro' the rolling Deep,  
 And for the Fair her faithful Lover keep !  
 Bring on the destin'd Hour when at the Shrine  
 The sacred Bond your Destinies shall join !  
 And give you in her heavenly Arms a Store,  
 Of Joys, to which the conquer'd World is poor !

So the soft *Turtle*, when the Storm is o'er,  
 Flies thro' the Grove his Partner to explore,  
 From Bough to Bough impatient wings his Way,  
 In mournful Sounds laments her tedious Stay :  
 Till tir'd at last, her well-known Note he hears,  
 The well-known Note his drooping Bosom cheers,

He hastes to seek with her the thickest Grove,  
Forgets his *Absence*, and enjoys his *Love*:



O D E.

I.

W H A T need with Art my fond Excess  
Of Tenderness to blind ?

While from my Looks, fair Nymph ! you guess  
The *Secret* of my Mind.

II.

I N vain I seek to hide the Fire

My artless Eyes reveal :

In vain the Flames such Charms inspire

I study to conceal :

H 2

III. THEN



## III.

THEN, CÆLIA, when I fondly gaze,  
 And you the *Cause* explore ;  
 Your Malice with my Torment plays :  
 The *Cause* you knew before.

## IV.

WHILE all Things show I love — ah why  
 Such Coldness dost thou feign ?  
 And in soft Anguish while I lye,  
 Regardless see my Pain.

## V.

BY Love oppress'd, and by Despair,  
 I should your Pity move :  
 Why should I meet a Fate severe  
 When all my Crime is *Love*.

## VI.

FOR cold Neglect, or proud Disdain,  
 That Form was ne'er design'd :  
 Or cease to Charm, or ease my Pain,  
 And be less Fair, or Kind.

*To a young Lady on her Recovery,*

A N

O D E.

I.

W HILE, fair SELINDA ! to our Eyes  
From *Sickness* beautiful you rise ;

Your Charms put on superior Power,

And shine more strongly than before,

II.

So have I seen the heav'nly Fire,

A while his radiant Beams retire ;

Then breaking thro' the Veil of Night,

Restore the *World* to Warmth and Light,

H 3

To

TO COLLEY LYONS Esq;

*On the Death of his eldest Son at the Temple.*

---

*Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra  
Esse sinunt.* —————

VIRG.

---

WHILE thy fond Soul enjoys its secret Pain,  
And broods upon thy great Distress — in vain:  
Forgive the *Muse* — that with officious Care,  
Attempts to mitigate thy just Despair;  
That seeks to sooth thee with the Mournful Sound,  
And aims to soften the relentless Wound.

BUT oh! what Numbers shall the fruitless try?  
When thy own Refuge, great *Philosophy*,  
Too weak a Bar against thy Passion proves,  
And Reason checks in vain, what Grief approves.  
In sympathetic Measures let her join  
Woes to thy Woes, and mingle Tears with thine,

La.



Lament with thee the lovely rising Youth,  
 Adorn'd with manly Virtue, gentle Truth;  
 With every Grace the humane Soul could boast,  
 At once to thee, — and to his Country lost!

CEASE, LYONS, nor the Laws of Heav'n upbraid,  
 But call thy oft-try'd Virtue to thy Aid;  
 Let that support thee in this Shock of Fate,  
 Shine like your self, ev'n in Misfortune Great.  
 Let every Wish for him, each Prayer unheard,  
 Be to your sinking *Country's* Cause transferr'd;  
 And what to her his hapless Loss deny'd,  
 By thy consummate Virtue be supply'd.

So o'er his *Son* immortal CATO mourn'd,  
 With secret Woe the Patriot-Bosom burn'd;  
 But when he turn'd his ever virtuous Eye,  
 On God-like ROME's expiring *Liberty*,  
 There ceas'd his Grief — suppress'd was every Groan,  
 And in the publick *Fate* he lost his *own*.



*VERSES occasioned by the Death of*

**Mr. M----- S-----**

*at Glasgow, May 28. 1730,*

*Inscrib'd to Mr. A—— S——.*

---

*—— Who would not be that Youth?*

*How beautiful is Death when earn'd by Virtue!*

*Addison's CATO.*

---

**W**HILE thy torn Heart with varied Woe is prest,  
And all the *Friend* lies bleeding in thy Breast:  
Forgive the *Muse* who would our Loss deplore,  
And mourn with thee — that **MARCUS** is no more!

'**T**HE cruel Tyrant, whose resistless Rage  
Alike employs it self on Youth and Age;  
Smiles at our Tears — and as our Grief runs high,  
Points **MARCUS** out; and bids us learn to die!

Show

Shows all the op'ning Virtues of the Youth,  
 His native Goodness, Modesty and Truth :  
 What early Worth just blasted in its Bloom !  
 How many Graces shrowded in the Tomb !  
 See CALEDONIA weeping o'er the Urn !  
 As if she seem'd her Fav'rite Son to mourn ;  
 Oft for her Sake he read th' Historic Page,  
 And trac'd the Mazes of remotest Age ;  
 Early Asserter of her glorious Cause,  
 Fond of her Freedom, zealous for her Laws :  
 Great *Liberty* inspir'd his honest Breast  
 And his dear Country all his Soul possess :  
 In Youth a Patriot — steady to the right,  
 In Manners humane, and in Arts polite.  
 His Heart all-generous, candid and serene,  
 Sweet as his Look, engaging as his Mien :  
 To Friendship faithful, to Misfortune kind,  
 His Life a lovely Copy of his Mind.



So near Perfection in his early Day,  
 Why should we weep to see him snatch'd away ?  
 To see him reach at once th' immortal Prize,  
 And rise triumphant to his native Skies.  
 Behold th' exalted Youth with Smiles survey,  
 The fond mistaken Debt of Grief we pay !  
 Behold him seated on the blissful Shore,  
 Hear from afar, the noisy Tempest roar !  
 Safe from the Taint of a corrupted Age,  
 From vitious Manners, and from Party-Rage.  
 No Passions there his purer Bosom move ;  
 But Harmony divine and Peace and Love ;  
 Such as on Earth were wont to sooth his Breast,  
 The pleasing Fore-taste of his heav'nly Rest.

SEE him point out the Path he left in View,  
 And bid his Friends the noble Race pursue !  
 Display the fair Example to their Eyes,  
 And bid them live like him — like him to rise !

So the bright all-enlivening Orb of Light,  
 When he withdraws himself from Mortal Sight;  
 With fairer Glories shines in milder Skies,  
 And sets to us, for better Worlds to rise!

THOU dear departed Friend! if greatly blest,  
 One meaner Thought can touch thy peaceful Breast.  
 Look on a Heart, by Passions rent like mine,  
 That weeping waits to mingle Joys with thine!  
 Fir'd by thy Flight — that struggles to be free,  
 And join Society with Heav'n and thee,





*To Mr. THOMSON,*

Upon his Tragedy of SOPHONISBA.

---

*Felicitèr audet.*

HOR.

**F**ORGIVE the Muse, that with unpractis'd String,  
And fond Ambition dares thy Praise to sing;  
Pleas'd who beholds thy tow'ring *Genius* rise,  
And sees thy Merit shine in *Southern Skies*,

WHEN Nature first inspir'd thy early Strain,  
To paint the Beauties of the *Flow'ry Plain* \*;  
The charming Page I read with soft Delight,  
And every lively Landskip charm'd my Sight:  
Now led by thee, while I again explore,  
New Patriots rising on a barbarous Shore;

A

---

\* Mr. Thomson's excellent Poems on the Seasons.



A beauteous Breast that glows with Love of Fame;

A *Female* CATO, with a foster Name !

My ravish'd Heart exults in being free,

And burns with Love of sacred *Liberty* !

LET ROME the Blessing arrogate no more,

The Goddess reigns upon a distant Shore ;

And there in all her native Charms confest,

She fires immortal SOPHONISBA's Breast :

Great CARTHAGE rises from Oblivion's Womb,

By thee reviv'd, she quits her awful Tomb ;

And emulates again her haughty Rival ROME.

So when great TITIAN\* rose, immortal Man !

With rural Scenes his Pencil first began ;

Employ'd all-genial Nature's Laws to trace,

And copy from her ever-blooming Face ;

Here paint the Precipice and falling Flood,

There strike the Vale, — or mark the distant Wood ;

Till

---

\* Titian was particularly excellent in his Landscips.

Till rising in his Skill by just Degrees,  
 He form'd th' *Idea* of th' *Historic-Piece* ;  
 Where some great *Hero* boldly he design'd,  
 And touch'd th' exalted Passions of the Mind :  
 Of Art with Nature such the generous Strife,  
 That all the speaking *Canvas* swell'd with Life !  
 So strong the Figures strike the ravish'd Eye,  
 We quite forget the Hand that gives the Joy !  
 Till by Reflexion warm'd, we feel those Joys,  
 Still from *one great Original* arise ;  
 Who follows *Nature* charms without Design,  
 Who follows *her* like *you*, — like *you* must shine :





*To Mrs. O-----d,*

*On her acting CLEOPATRA.*

O FT has my Soul with strong Compassion strove,  
 To think of ANTONY's ill-fated Love ;  
 To see him shrink before th' ambitious Boy,  
 Fame, Life, and Honour given for transient Joy !  
 Thus once I thought — but now my Error see,  
 And the lost *Hero* stands absolv'd by *Thee*.

HAD CLEOPATRA's Charms like O——d's shone !  
 Had she the tuneful Magic of thy Tongue !  
 Well might the ROMAN of his Softness boast,  
 And think that *Love* atton'd for *Empire lost* :  
 Well might he from the glorious War remove  
 And barter Crowns and Provinces for Love !  
 For oh ! who would not make the Fate his own ?  
 And wish to be so gloriously undone !

P Y.





EXIBO intrepidè, — Canis ut Venaticus, intus  
 Agnoscens domini vocem, qui protinus illum  
 Evocat in campos ; somno, domoque relictis,  
 Afflit, excurritque alacris, — sic te Pater alme !  
 Expertus, fidensque sequor — quo duxeris, ibo !

---

PARAPHRASED.

WORN out with Cares, and tott'ring in her Seat,  
 The Soul resigns her Throne, and seeks Retreat ;  
 At her approaching *Liberty* she glows,  
 And quits the giddy World's delusive Shows ;  
 To her own native Realms she wings her Way,  
 Employ'd her Self-existence to survey,  
 Till by Degrees she feels herself refine,  
 And rise her *great Original* to join :  
 [Like a Sun Beam that springs with vibrant Force,  
 And darts to meet its ever-glorious Source.]  
 By whom new modell'd various Shapes she wears,  
 But still her *Parent's* bright Resemblance bears ;

Thro' Forms alternate, now Delights to range,  
 Her self the same, unalter'd by her Change ;  
 In distant Orbs, new Beauties she explores,  
 Or wanders thro' Creation's fertile Stores :  
 Or here on Earth in diff'rent Bodies plac'd,  
 Still Acts new Scenes, forgetful of the past :  
 Till from her dull material Chain set free,  
 (The mortal Curtian drawn) she smiles to see,  
 The various Prospects of Immensity.  
 While Space indefinite she wanders o'er,  
 And as she sees the farther, loves the more.

THOU POWER SUPREME ! thy Dictates I obey,  
 And fearless quit this animated Clay ;  
 In every State thy Guardianship I claim,  
 Tho' I may change, Thou ever art the same !  
 And as thy Goodness has pursued me still,  
 Gladly I follow thy directing Will,  
 For wheresoe'er my future Lot is plac'd,  
 Thou still art with me, — and I must be blest !



So by the rural Hearth the slumb'ring *Hound*,  
 Hears at the Door his kindly *Master's* Sound;  
 The well-known Voice, the faithful *Servant* wakes,  
 Impatient to his smiling View he breaks, —  
 Close by his generous Side he bounds along,  
 For *He*, he knows can never lead him wrong.

F I N I S.



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EMILIA:  
OR  
POEMS

SACRED TO

*Conjugal Love.*

---

*Felices ter & amplius*

*Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis  
Divulsa querimoniis*

*Suprema citius solvet amor die.*

HOR.

Hail wedded Love! mysterious Law! true Source  
Of humane Offspring, — sole Propriety  
In Paradise, of all Things common else,  
Founded in Reason, loyal, just and pure.

Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights  
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings,  
Here reigns and revels! —

MILTON.



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EDINBURGH:

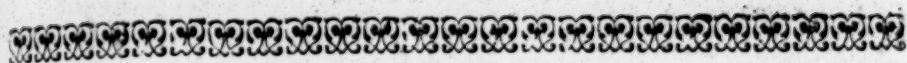
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# To EMILIA on her Recovery.

## EPISTLE. I.

*Te spectem, suprema cum mihi venerit hora,  
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

OVID.

**L**ATE did ALPHONSO sunk in silent Woe;  
His fond Concern for fair EMILIA shew;  
Pensive within the shady Grove he fate,  
Revolving in his Thought thy doubtful Fate;  
In wasting Pangs he lingred out the Day,  
In Sighs he pass'd the restless Night away;  
Oft to High Heav'n his ardent Vows addrest,  
To spare that Life in which his own was blest;  
To save from cruel Death such lovely Charms,  
And give EMILIA to her Lover's Arms.

So pray'd th' enamour'd Youth, nor pray'd in vain,  
Thy Life and his Repose restor'd again

With Joy he saw, — such as till that blest Hour  
Had never fill'd his ravish'd Soul before !

Oh had the *Muse* the softly-moving Art,  
To speak the Transports of his tender Heart ;  
With Pleasure shouldst thou read, and smiling see,  
How much his every Thought is fix'd on thee !

WERE I the Subject World's unrival'd Lord,  
By purpled Slaves with fervile Dread ador'd ;  
Or were I Monarch o'er a willing Land,  
Where Love and Duty gave the *High Command* ;  
The Joys (depriv'd of thee) a Throne could give,  
Were in magnificent Despair to live !  
To wear conceal'd Distress within my Breast,  
And blessing all, to be my self unblest.

WELL pleas'd with Thee thro' Desarts could I sit  
And search in pathless Wilds my doubtful Way ;



Thro' dreary Wastes delighted could I rove,  
 Nor think of Danger, while inspir'd by Love :  
 Thy lovely Sight would every Pain allay,  
 And ease the Labours of the toilsome Day.

WITH thee, tho' set beneath the scorching *Line*,  
 Where unallay'd the burning Splendors shine ;  
 Tho' on my Brow the Beams collected beat,  
 I'd bear the Noon-Day Gleam, the glowing Heat,  
 Thy Presence should the dreadful March beguile,  
 At thy Approach the barren Defart smile ;  
 Around thy Steps the cooling *Zephyrs* play,  
 And check the Ardors of the Sultry Day.

OR with EMILIA plac'd beneath the *Pole*  
 Where distant Suns their useless Courses roll ;  
 Where Chrystal Rocks reflect a mimic Light,  
 And the Day shines uncomfortably bright ;  
 Where the bleak Eye no friendly Verdure cheers,  
 But one eternal Mass of Ice appears ;

Where

Where half the Year unrival'd Darkness reigns,  
 And folds in gloomy Night the frozen Plains ;  
 Possess'd of Thee, I would not once complain,  
 Endure the Cold, nor feel a Thought of Pain ;  
 Thy Charms would chase the guilty Shades away,  
 And those bright Eyes create a milder Day.

BLEST in thy Constancy and tender Love,  
 Far from the faithless World would I remove ;  
 With thee explore some lonely soft Retreat,  
 And fix for ever in the peaceful Seat.  
 There all-contented in our humble Cell,  
 Far from Life's busy Cares sequester'd dwell :  
 Where, after Years in fond Endearments past,  
 Still like thy Goodness, should my Passion last :  
 When on thy Cheeks the Roses fade no more,  
 Still would I gaze, as fondly as before ;  
 Still keep unchang'd, the generous, faithful Flame,  
 My Breast unalter'd, and its Warmth the same :

With

With new Delight survey thy better Charms,  
 And fold thee gently in my ravish'd Arms :  
 Still court the *Mistress*, while I lov'd the *Wife*,  
 And keep my Passion till I lost my Life.

SUCH as thou art, — such should that Passion be ;  
 Gay as thy Wit, and as thy Temper free ;  
 True as your Heart, engaging as your Grace,  
 Soft as your Air, and lovely as your Face ;  
 By Time improv'd it should become more Strong,  
 And fix'd upon your *Virtue*, last as long.







*To the SAME,*

EPISTLE II.

*Flammas morboque feroque.*

OVID.

SAY *Thou*, whose lovely Charms my Soul inspire,  
 And fill my wishing Breast with fond Desire ;  
 If thy soft Bosom feel an equal Smart,  
 And Absence hangs upon thy tender Heart ?  
 Oh think what Anguish must his Mind employ,  
 Who wants with Thee, soft Peace and balmy Joy.  
 Think what distracting Pains must rend his Breast,  
 Whose Days are tedious, and whose Nights unblest !

Go ye sad Lines to dear EMILIA's Hands,  
 And speak your sorrowing *Master's* sad Commands,  
 Tell how her absent fond ALPHONSO mourns,  
 Melts into Grief, and with soft Longings burns ;

Tell

Tell of his Fate how strongly he complains,  
 Describe his Woe, and point out all his Pains ;  
 Till the kind *Charmer* fly to bless his Sight,  
 Till her dear Presence fill him with Delight ;  
 Restore his wounded Soul to Rest and Ease,  
 And charm the struggling Passions into Peace !

WHERE'ER I turn my melancholy View,  
 Some sad Idea bids me think on you :  
 If thro' the gloomy Grove I pensive stray,  
 Your lovely Image meets my silent Way ;  
 If to the Flow'ry Meadow I repair,  
 Or the soft Stream, — EMILIA still is there !  
 Still in my Heart triumphantly she reigns,  
 Nor Solitude it self can ease my Pains.

NOR can diverting Sights relieve my Woe,  
 Or the gay Circle, or the publick Show ;  
 In vain to bright Assemblies I repair,  
 Or seek in Crowds to lose my secret Care :

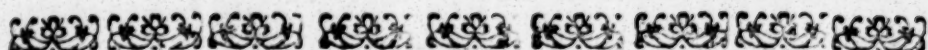
Tho'

'Tho' round a thousand mingling Beauties blaze,  
 In distant Lands my wand'ring Fancy strays ;  
 My absent Mind on G L O T T A's Borders roves  
 And seeks E M I L I A thro' the neighb'ring Groves.

F L Y swift ye tedious Hours! till the glad Day  
 Approaching smile, and bid me haste away.  
 Then may the Heav'ns their kindest Influence shed,  
 With prosperous Gales the swelling Canvas spread,  
 Till *Thy* fair *Native Land* shall greet my Sight,  
 And all my Soul shall feel the soft Delight :  
 Thence smiling Years their happy Rounds shall move,  
 And all our Days be Peace, and Nights be Love.







## *To the SAME.*

### E P I S T L E III.

*O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura  
Atque humiles habitare casas !*

VIRG.

**F**ROM these soft Scenes the Muse's blest Retreat,  
 (Wert thou but here to make the Bliss compleat !)  
 From Flowry Meads, and Groves for ever green,  
 And winding Streams that grace the *Sylvan* Scene ;  
 I write — of nought but Anguish and Despair,  
 Of fatal Absence and relentless Care !  
 Oh could'st thou know the ceaseless Pangs I prove ;  
 All that I feel from Absence and from Love :  
 Thou sure would'st Pity such combin'd Distress,  
 Share half my Grievs, and sharing make them less.

STRANGE is my Fate, and vain my wish'd Delight,  
 While Nature fades before my sick'ning Sight ;

And

And like a wounded Deer, where'er I go,  
 I bear about the Dart, and feel the Woe.  
 At every Turn thy hapless Loss I prove,  
 Join'd with the Smart of still increasing Love :  
 If to the Vales or Lawns I fondly go,  
 To shady Coverts, or to Streams that flow,  
 These Scenes no more their wonted Graces wear,  
 Nor Woods my Eye, nor Streams delight my Ear ;  
 In vain does Nature spread her chearful Green,  
 And bounteous vary the delightful Scene,  
 While I of all her happy Sons the last,  
 Am doom'd no more her common Joys to taste :  
 But like an Outcast wander here alone,  
 From thee divided, hopeless, and undone !

AND yet thou say'st I love not ? — Come and see  
 If ever Wretch despairing lov'd like me !  
 If any Object like thy self could charm,  
 If Pow'r or Riches could my Wishes warm, —

Or more, — if my fond Soul could find a Bliss,  
 In such a gentle Solitude as this  
 Absent from thee. — Then take my forfeit Breath,  
 Confirm me wretched, and pronounce my Death !

EMILIA best of Women ! Comfort dear !  
 How shall I speak a Passion so sincere ;  
 That while I feel its Force, I cannot paint,  
 Sense is too weak — and Language is too faint !

If all unfeign'd, these artless Numbers flow,  
 If my fond Soul with real Passion glow ;  
 Grant gentle Heav'n ! at length my long-sought Rest,  
 And lay me ravish'd on EMILIA's Breast ;  
 There let me gaze o'er all her lovely Charms,  
 Blest in her Smiles, and folded in her Arms ;  
 In Love dissolv'd, my wonted Peace regain,  
 Indulge the Transport, and forget the Pain !

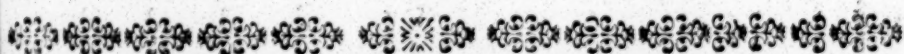


So sung in artless Notes, the am'rous Swain,  
 Near BIRGA'S \* Bank, extended on the Plain;  
 Thus told he to its Waves his Love-sick Care,  
 And spoke thy *Name* to every Object there!  
 Thy *Name* along the winding Borders play'd,  
 Thy *Name* resounded thro' the silent Shade!  
 Wert thou but here to crown the rural Scene,  
 The *Loves* and *Graces* would adore their Queen!  
 Guard and attend thee as thy Footsteps move,  
 Lead o'er the Plain, or watch thee in the Grove;  
 If o'er the verdant Lawns thou chuse to stray,  
 See the *Fawns* wait thee and direct the Way!  
 If to the cooling Shades thou rather bend,  
 Behold the *Dryades* thy Beck attend!  
 Extend their Leafy Arms above thy Head,  
 Beneath thy Feet the Flow'ry Carpet spread!  
 If to refreshing Streams you take the Way,  
 See the loose *Naiades* around you play,

---

\* The River Barrow in Ireland.

In circling Mazes wander thro' the Ground,  
 And in their watry Arms infold you round !  
 Hear how the Woodland Choristers delight,  
 And Nature smiles before thy ravish'd Sight ;  
 To joy thy Heart with Innocence and Peace,  
 Thy Sense to ravish, and thy Soul to bless !



## *To the SAME.*

### ÉPISTLE IV.

*Tecum vivere amem,  
 Tecum obeam lubens.*

HOR.

FROM these fair Shores, where THÂME'S majestic  
 glides,

And proudly rolls along his Silver Tides ;

Where all around enchanting Prospects rise,

And Art and Nature lure the ravish'd Eyes ;

To thee once more these Numbers are address'd,

Eternal Mistress of this faithful Breast !

K 2

BUT

BUT oh EMILIA ! how shall I impart,  
 That lively Passion that inflames my Heart ?  
 Where Love and Gratitude and Friendship join  
 To bind my Soul, and fix me ever thine !

IN these dear Shades, these ever verdant Seats,  
 These pleasing Bow'rs and ravishing Retreats :  
 How do I count the tedious Moments o'er,  
 Lament thy Absence, and my Loss deplore !  
 While fondly quitting Life's delusive Show,  
 Dull Crowds of Care, and splendid Scenes of Woe,  
 I pass in Ease the Evening-Hour away,  
 And lose the Image of the noisy Day.  
 While the fair Stream, and fairer Sky delight,  
 And Smoke and Buildings vanish from my Sight.

HERE too my busy Fancy pleas'd, explores  
 Thy distant Charms, and runs thy Beauties o'er ;  
 Recounts thy Virtues, and delighted roves  
 'Thro' every pleasing Passage of our Loves :



And sees at once thy Person and thy Mind,  
The fairest Model of thy lovely Kind.

As never Woman has deserv'd like thee,  
So never Lover ever lov'd like me !  
All Words can speak, or Fancy Form is poor,  
Judge by your Heart, — and think how I adore !

Oh fly, ye lingring Hours, and bring the Day,  
When wing'd with Transport I shall take my Way,  
When happy Fortune every Bar shall move,  
That stops my Passage to the Fair I love ;  
[Thy Image fix'd within my panting View,  
My Love shall aid, to make the Vision true : ]  
Till wak'd to Life, and folded in your Arms,  
Lost in a soft Variety of Charms,  
My Fate absolv'd — I shall no more complain,  
“ *But own that Hour was worth whole Years of Pain.*”



*Anniversary ODE, sacred to the Memory*

O F A

DAUGHTER.

*Ob. An. 1726.*

————— *Animamque Nepotis*  
*His saltem adcumulem donis, Et fungar inani*  
*Munere.* —————

VIRG.

I.

**B**EGIN my Muse, and strike the Lyre,  
Let Grief the melting Notes inspire !  
And sadly consecrate the Day,  
That snatch'd my Soul's Delight away !

II.

WHEN first the beauteous Infant Maid,  
The early Seeds of Sense display'd,  
With her dear Prattle sooth'd my Cares,  
And charm'd my fond transported Ears.

III. How

## III.

How did her op'ning Bloom arise,  
 And as it struck my ravish'd Eyes !  
 Oft promis'd to my Years increase  
 A Store of Innocence and Peace.

## IV.

BUT soon ! too soon these flattering Joys,  
 Fate's interposing Hand destroys ;  
 And lost in Death's all-gloomy Shade,  
 The dear delusive Vision fled.

## V.

So does the early-budding Rose,  
 Its blushing Fragrancy disclose,  
 Allure the Touch and Smell and Sight,  
 And yield each Sense a soft Delight.

## VI.

TILL some rash Foe its Pride invade,  
 And ravish'd from its native Bed,  
 Its Odour and its Hue decay,  
 And all its Beauties fade away.



## VII.

THUS were my Dreams of Comfort crost,  
 And with the Fav'rite-Virgin lost ;  
 And all my Schemes of Bliss to come,  
 Inclos'd within her early Tomb !

## VIII.

THENCE Clouds of new Afflictions rise,  
 And brooding o'er the darken'd Skies ;  
 With their sad melancholly Shade,  
 The Horizon of Life o'erspread.

## IX.

WHILE o'er the young SABINA'S Urn,  
 Thus with Paternal Grief I mourn :  
 Around my Soul new Sorrows break,  
 And leave my Woes no Room to speak. —

## X.

ON ATTICUS' delightful Age,  
 Fate next employed his cruel Rage ;  
 With Ease dissolv'd Life's feeble Chain,  
 And freed the suff'ring Saint from Pain.

XI.

O EVER honour'd sacred Name !  
If in the bright Immortal Train,  
One Thought of Earth can touch thy Rest,  
Look down on this afflicted Breast.

XII.

TEACH me like thee, thro' Life to steer,  
Patient and calm my Lot to bear ;  
Teach me thy heav'nly Steps to trace,  
And reach like thee the Realms of Peace !

F I N I S.







THE  
*Dublin Journal.*

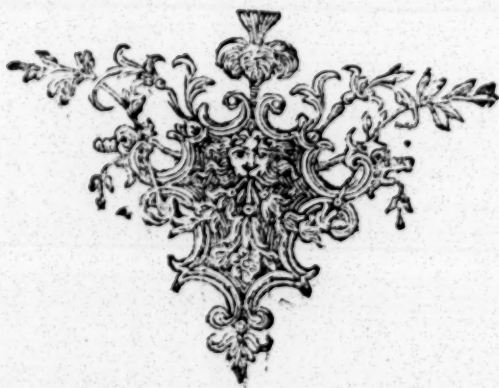
(No. XCVII.)

Of Saturday February 11th, 1726-7.

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*Magne Pater Divum ! sævos punire Tyrannos  
Non alia ratione velis ———  
Virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ.*      PERS.

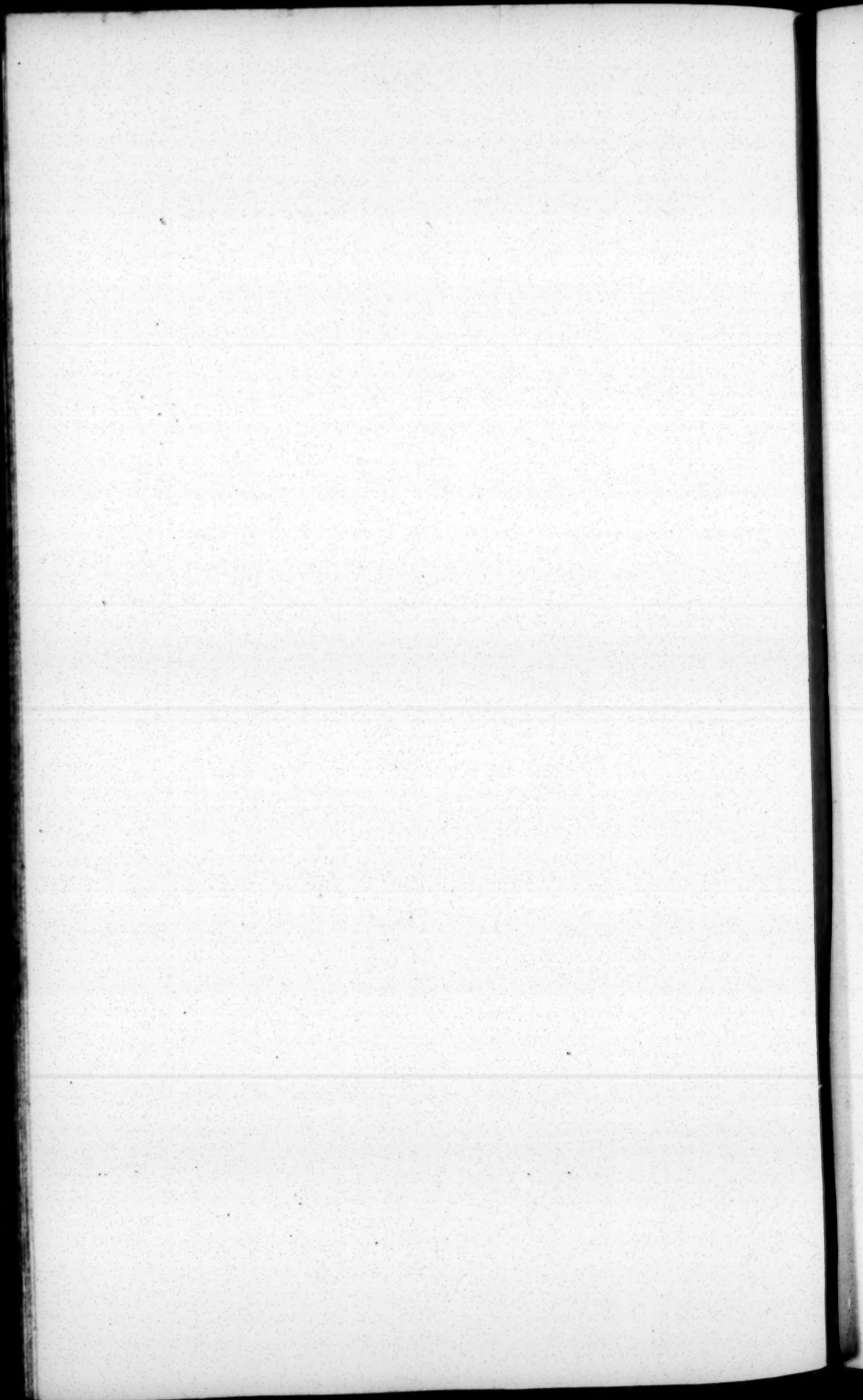
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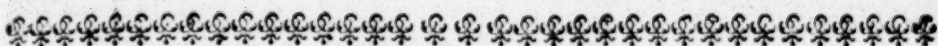


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EDINBURGH:

M. DCC. XXXI.





## TO HIBERNICUS.

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*O execrable Son! — so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n.*

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MILTON.

S I R,

 S you have in all your public Observations, discovered a high Regard to the glorious Cause of *Liberty*; so I shall not trouble you with any Apology for this Letter. I dare not pretend to add any Thing of mine, to the many excellent Writings we have on that most important Subject, from the *best* and *greatest* of Men in all Ages. But there is a Fault we are apt to commit in relation to it, which cannot have escaped your Notice. We can read and hear these Discourses with a wonderful Indifference. Even while we enjoy the immediate Blessings of *Freedom*, we can reflect upon those of our Kind that are deprived of them, with great Insensibility, as if they had less Right to that Original Privilege of Nature than our selves. For this Reason, I have always thought, that a naked Representation of the Miseries that are found in absolute Governments, would be of great Use to awaken in us, those noble and generous Sentiments of Humanity, which we ought to indulge on this Occasion. When we travel thro' these unhappy Countries, the Magnificence of their Courts, and the Natural Beauties of the Soil and Climate, throw



throw a Vernish over the Face of Things : But when we read their History, and see Nations wasted and impoverished, to feed the Pride and Ambition of their Princes, we would then learn to value *Liberty* as it deserves.

WHEN we consider those Nations of EUROPE that ly near us, we don't indeed perceive the Difference so sensibly. Their Princes by reflecting on the Advantages that *Free States* have over them in Point of People and Riches, find it necessary not to strain their Power to any high or extravagant Degrees. Thus in FRANCE, ITALY and SPAIN, Trade and Manufactures are encouraged with a political View, that the miserable Subjects may not sink under the Burden of their Taxes and *Gabels*. But if we would see Arbitrary and unlimited Power in its true Colours, without Disguise, let us behold it in ASIA and AFRICA : There ! what once fruitful Countries has it converted into Desarts ? How many once flourishing Cities has it laid in Ruins ? and like a marching Pestilence blasted the Face of the visible Creation.

I HAVE been led into these Thoughts by lately reading the Travels of Sir JOHN CHARDIN into PERSIA. As he was a Traveller of more than ordinary Curiosity, as well as Understanding, and had particular Opportunities of informing himself as to their Government, as well as Manners ; so it will not (I hope) be disagreeable to your Readers, if out of the many Adventures which happened during his Residence at that Court, in the Year 1673, I give you two remarkable ones, which I have abridged from him, and for which I refer the Reader to his larger Accounts.

' SOLYMAN had just then ascended the Throne.  
 ' He was Grandson to ABBAS the Great, under  
 ' whose wife Government, *Persia* first began to extend  
 ' its Commerce, by means of a large Colony of *Arme-*  
 ' *nians*, which he settled at *Julpha*, one of the Suburbs  
 ' of *Ispahan*. He was after the Eastern Manner, upon  
 ' the Death of his Father ABBAS II. in 1666, taken  
 ' out of the Seraglio, where he had spent his Youth in  
 ' Ignorance and Ease, and advanced to the Throne of  
 ' one of the greatest Empires of the East. Thus quali-  
 ' fied, he soon gave an unbounded loose to his Passions,  
 ' and the sole Use he made of his new unlimited Pow-  
 ' er, was to indulge himself in all the Excesses of De-  
 ' bauchery and Cruelty. He was for ever drunk, and  
 ' in that Condition continually committing some Acti-  
 ' on either base or inhumane. Amongst many Instan-  
 ' ces of his Tyranny, the following are remarkable, as  
 ' they not only show the deplorable Condition of the  
 ' People under such Governments, but that even those  
 ' that have the Misfortune to be made Instruments of  
 ' oppressing others, are themselves equally exposed to  
 ' the Caprice of the *Masters* they serve.

" SEFI COULI *Can* (1), was a Lord of great Me-  
 " rit, and one on whom the King had bestowed peculi-  
 " ar Marks of his Favour. CHARDIN, who knew  
 " him personally, speaks of him in very favourable  
 " Terms, as a Man of great Politeness and Humanity.  
 " He had been raised to the Government of the greater  
 " *Armenia*, one of the most considerable Dignities in the  
 " PERSIAN Empire. His two Sons were Favourites  
 " at Court, and two of his Daughters were in the Roy-  
 " al *Harem* (2). A Family so highly honoured, and  
 " fo

(1) *Can* or *Caan*, signifies in the Persian a Prince or Governor.

(2) So the Eastern Nations call the Apartment of the Women, which we commonly call *Seraglio*.

“ so deserving, seemed to be secure from the Attacks of  
 “ Fortune. But it happened otherwise. — The *Arme-*  
 “ *nian Patriarch* happened to have a Dispute with this  
 “ Lord, about the raising of a Tax which was laid upon  
 “ the *Christians* of that Country, for the Payment of his  
 “ Debts. The Governor had appointed Commissioners  
 “ to levy this Tax, probably not without a View to his  
 “ own Interest. This the *Patriarch* opposed strongly,  
 “ insisting that since the Money was to be applied to  
 “ his Use, he had a Right to appoint the Receivers,  
 “ and accusing the *Governor* of a Design to imbezzle the  
 “ Contribution. The Affair was carried to *Court*, where  
 “ the *Patriarch* went in Person with several of his  
 “ Friends, whom he engaged (according to the Custom  
 “ of that Country) to seek for Justice, by loud Excla-  
 “ mations at the *Palace-Gate*. The Contrivance suc-  
 “ ceeded, notwithstanding the Governor’s Interest. The  
 “ People were heard, their Petition received, and by  
 “ the King’s Order read in the Presence of the whole  
 “ Court.

“ THE Governor’s two Sons heard their Father’s  
 “ Conduct represented with the greatest Aggravations,  
 “ with all that secret Indignation that is natural to  
 “ haughty and incensed Favourites. When the King  
 “ had heard the Supplication, he called the eldest, and  
 “ said with a severe Tone, *Have I not charg’d you in my*  
 “ *Name to write to your Father to treat my Subjects with*  
 “ *Moderation? Have you neglected my Commands? Or*  
 “ *does he despise them?* The Favourite endeavoured to  
 “ excuse his Father and himself, with which the King  
 “ seemed to be appeased, and retired to his *Harem*. The  
 “ Court breaking up immediately, and the youngest  
 “ Brother NESIR-ALI *Bec* (3), meeting several of the  
 Pe-

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(3) *Bec*, in the *Persian* Language signifies Lord.



" Petitioners tumultuously about the Palace Gate, gave  
 " Way to the Violence of his Passion, and at first abu-  
 " sed them; which they returning like Men in Despair,  
 " he struck those nearest him with his Cane; and they  
 " resisting he drew his Sabre and fell upon them with  
 " great Rage. The poor Wretches driv'n to this Ex-  
 " tremity renewed their Cries, and loudly complained  
 " that their Misery was intolerable, *Since having come*  
 " *there to seek Redress from the Tyranny and Oppression of*  
 " *the Father who had oppressed their Fortunes, they were*  
 " *exposed to the Malice of the Sons who sought their Lives.*  
 " These repeated Exclamations, at length reached the  
 " King's Ears; who being informed of the Occasion,  
 " commanded the Offender should lose his Right Hand  
 " upon the Spot. As soon as the Execution was over,  
 " he again retired into his *Harem*, where the News of  
 " the *Favourites* Misfortunes had soon reached the Ears  
 " of his Sisters. As the Fair Sex in those Countries in-  
 " dulse their Passions in a more violent Degree than  
 " with us, one of these Ladies transported with Grief  
 " and Resentment, flew to the King; and in the Vio-  
 " lence of her Passion, not only loaded him with the  
 " bitterest Reproaches, but attempted to express her  
 " Revenge by Actions; which the Barbarian returned,  
 " by ordering her to be immediately burnt alive, which  
 " was executed upon the Spot.

" T H U S began the Misfortunes of the Family, which  
 " as yet had not reached the Governor. Soon after the  
 " Court took a Progress from *Ispahan* the Capital, to  
 " *Cashin* (4), a City of *Parthia*. During their Residence  
 " there, as the King one Day diverted himself  
 " with seeing the Women-Dancers who attended the  
 L Court,

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(4) Supposed to be the ancient *Aršacid*.

“ Court (5), he missed one of them, whom he had an Af-  
 “ fection for. Upon enquiring for her, he was told she  
 “ had been left behind at *Ispahan*, being indisposed.  
 “ He ordered she should be sent for; and when she  
 “ came, asked her why she staid behind; she answered  
 “ she had been ill, and upon his demanding what had  
 “ cur’d her, she told him it was drinking Wine. The  
 “ King being suspicious, would know where she had  
 “ drunk it. She told him with *NESIR-ALI Bec*.  
 “ This fired the King, and intraged that a disgraced  
 “ Favourite should dare to rival him in his Pleasures,  
 “ he commanded he should be imprisoned, his Estate  
 “ and Goods confiscated, and his Seraglio first exposed  
 “ to publick View and then sold. The great Steward,  
 “ one of the most considerable Eunuchs in the Palace,  
 “ endeavouring to appease the King, was immediately  
 “ by his Order flea’d alive. Orders were dispatched  
 “ for *SEFI COULI Can*’s Disgrace and Imprisonment.  
 “ Yet not long after he was replaced, and his Son *NE-*  
 “ *SIR-ALI Bec*, again brought to Court by the King’s  
 “ Command with great Magnificence. *SOLYMAN*  
 “ publicly caressed him, gave him a Hand of Gold  
 “ enamelled, and adorned with Rings to the Value of  
 “ 50,000 Crowns; and not only assured him of his per-  
 “ petual Favour, but at the young Lords Intreaty,  
 “ promised he would never press him to Drink. All  
 “ the Court sought to gain the new-established Fa-  
 “ vourite’s good Will by Presents and Submissions,  
 “ and yet in four Months he was again banished, for  
 “ refusing to debauch with the King, who continually  
 “ importun’d him.” So far from my Author Sir JOHN

CHARDIN

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(5) Dancing is reckoned by all the Asiatic Nations, as a Thing scanda-  
 lous and immodest, and therefore only used by the public Women,  
 who are sent for to divert the Company on all solemn Occasions.

CHARDIN'S Account ; from whom I shall add one Adventure still more tragical, which happened soon after to another considerable Person at that Court.

" FROM *Casbin* the Court went to pass the Winter in *Mazenderan* (6), a Country near the *Caspian Sea*.  
 " A Glazier was one Evening mending the Windows of an Apartment belonging to the *Queen Mother*. Tho' the Cold was then very severe, he both encouraged his Men, and wrought himself with great Application. The King passing that Way, stopped to observe him ; and seeing him so diligent, tho' trembling with the Frost, he took off his own Robe, which was of *Zibelines* (7), and had it put on the Artizan ; he was thence conducted to the Bath, richly habited, and brought to kiss the King's Feet, who bestowed on him a very considerable Post, and to the Value of 200,000 Crowns in Land and Money.

" The King that Night drank very hard with some of his Courtiers, and amongst the rest with COSROU Governor of *Mazenderan* and General of the Musqueteers ; a Lord of great Courage and Generosity, and much beloved by the King. The General in the Height of their Debauch, took the Liberty to speak to his Majesty about what had happened, in the following Manner, *Will your Majesty allow your Slave a Moments hearing ? The Troops ly here encamped in the Snow, and are but ill provided for, would it not have been more agreable to your Honour and Grandeur, to have distributed 200,000 Crowns amongst them, than to have given them to a poor Tradesman, to whom 100 Pistoles had been a Treasure ?* — The King, drunk as he was, shewed by his Looks he disapproved the

L 2

Free-

(6) The ancient *Hyrcania*.

(7) The finest Kind of Sable Fur.



“ Freedom the General had taken : Who observing it,  
 “ and knowing the Danger that threatned him, fell at  
 “ his Feet and implored his Pardon. The King, with-  
 “ out answering him, rose and staggered to a Pile of  
 “ Cushions, on which he threw himself and fell asleep,  
 “ and the General soon after retired. Some little Time  
 “ after the King waking, renewed the Debauch, and  
 “ ordering them to fill to *COSROU Can*, was informed  
 “ he was gone. The King exasperated at his Absence,  
 “ ordered *MANSOUR Can*, another Lord who was  
 “ present, to go and bring him his Head. It is usually  
 “ the Custom when such Orders are given by the King  
 “ in Drink, for the rest of the Courtiers to intercede :  
 “ but the *General's* ill Fortune prevailed, and no one  
 “ appeared for him. *MANSOUR Can*, accompanied  
 “ by a Slave to perform the Execution, with a cruel  
 “ Diligence went to the Palace of *COSROU Can*, and  
 “ demanded to see him from the King. The unhappy  
 “ Lord appearing, he told him, *The King sends me for*  
 “ *your Head, Prepare your self for Death.*” He replied,  
 “ *I am ready to obey ; but as I am innocent, I cannot be-*  
 “ *lieve his Majesty is determined on my Ruin, Allow me*  
 “ *Time for my Prayers.* His Enemy full of triumphant  
 “ Malice, denied his Request, and ordered the Slave  
 “ to perform the bloody Execution. Scarce was it o-  
 “ ver, when a Messenger arrived from the King, who  
 “ was now grown more sober, with a Counter Order.  
 “ *SOLYMAN* expressed much Concern for his Death,  
 “ and reproved *MANSOUR Can* for his ill-natured of-  
 “ ficious Zeal.”

I HAVE chosen these two out of innumerable In-  
 stances of this young Monarch's capricious Barbarity,  
 which are to be met with in that Author. They are,  
 I think sufficiently plain Evidences, of how little Signi-  
 ficance to the Happiness of those who possess them, ei-  
 ther

ther the Virtues of the Mind, or good Qualities of the Body, or the Advantages of Fortune, are under such Governments : Nay rather how apt they are to expose their Owners to greater Misfortunes, their Lives and Estates being at the Mercy of a Tyrant, nurs'd up in Pride, Vice and Cruelty, who knows no Pleasure but the full Gratification of a wanton Appetite, and has no Bounds to his Power but his Caprice : They are taught by their Religion an implicit Submission to his Will ; and he is by his Education taught to consider them as Creatures made for his Use and Pleasure. Thus he can wantonly sport with the Miseries of his Subjects, as if they were Beings of an inferior Kind. The Royal Savage can behold Beauty, Innocence and Virtue in Distress with a Heart insensible, and glory in Actions, for which a Mortal of inferior Quality, would be justly punished with Tortures and Death.

THE late Lord MOLESWORTH (a Name that will be ever dear to the Friends of Liberty and Virtue) in his excellent Preface to his Account of DENMARK, has observed, *That Liberty like Health, is a Blessing we never so truly value, as when we feel its Loss.* I wish we may never have such an Occasion of being taught its Worth. It will be to every good and worthy Mind, Incitement enough to cherish and increase the Love of Freedom, to reflect on the Condition of those Nations that want it most. Such a Consideration often repeated, would strengthen this glorious Principle. The Power of Humanity and Benevolence would rise in us, and teach us, not only to esteem our own invaluable Constitution as we ought, but to wish our whole Species free and happy as our selves. Till we arrive at this, our Love of Liberty, and Zeal for its Propagation is imperfect. We often pray for the Success of our excellent and holy Religion, yet seldom reflect of how little

Use that would be to a People who were not free. Let us then join to it our Wishes, that these two Blessings may go together, and that with CHRISTIANITY, which is it self the most noble and perfect Freedom, the whole Race of Mankind may be restored to that Liberty which is their undoubted natural Right, which they may be deprived of, but can never forfeit; and the Loss of which can never be made up to them, by all the other Advantages they can possibly enjoy.

Dublin, Jan. 26.  
1726-7.

*I am,*

S I R,

*Your humble Servant,*

TIMOLEON.

F I N I S.





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THE  
TABLATURE  
OF  
CEBES

The *THEBAN*,

A PLATONIC *Philosopher*.

(Being an *Allegorical Picture* of *Humane Life*.)

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Ανέχῃ καὶ Ἀπέχῃ.

ΕΠΙΚΤΕΤ.

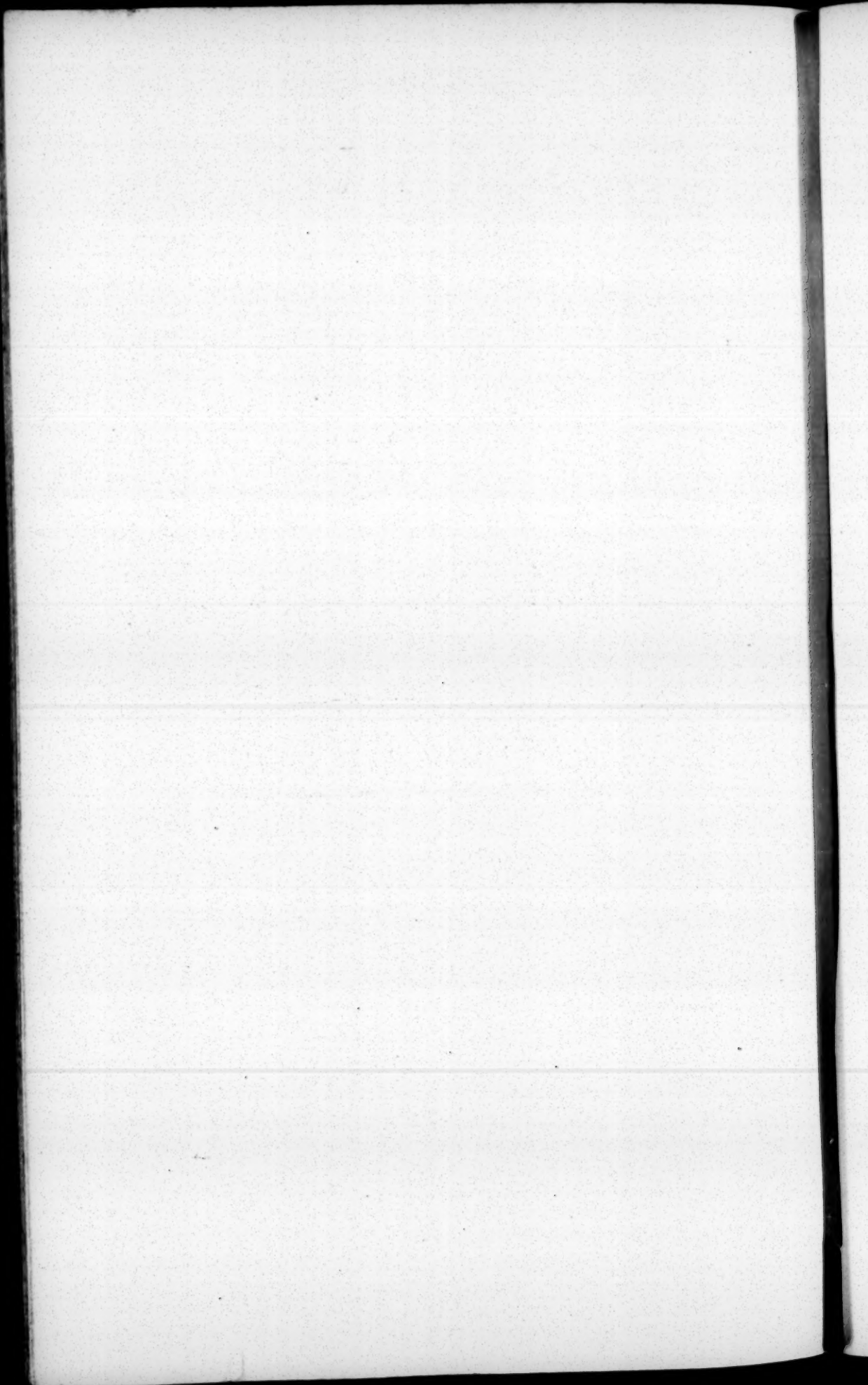
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EDINBURGH:

M. DCC, XXXI.





Advertisement to the READER.

*WHEN I first undertook this Translation, I was entirely ignorant that there was any modern one of this Dialogue. Two others I had, which I found of little Use to me. The first being an obsolete English Version, printed at the End of an old Translation of the Characters of Theophrastus, about the Year 1610, and the second that of the Abbé Bellegarde in French, which (tho' well done) has taken such Liberties with the Original, as renders it rather a Paraphrase than a Translation.*

*I had finished mine, before I saw that Version which is ascribed to Mr. Collier, and printed at the End of his ANTONINUS: Upon the Reading of which, (tho' I by no means thought he had done Justice to our Author) yet I should have declined the Publication of this, if some Friends, whose Judgment I much esteem, and particularly a Gentleman of great Merit and Learning (to whom I am highly indebted for the Assistance I received from him in this Work) had not encouraged me, by giving me Room to hope, I should be no Loser by an impartial Comparison.*

*Upon reading the excellent Original, it is easy to observe in it the genuine Marks and Characters of perfect Antiquity. That noble and inimitable Simplicity of Style, that is peculiar to the antient moral Writers, shines thro' the whole. All the Parts are justly disposed; the Figures strong and masterly, and yet lively and beautiful. And tho' (by the large Compass it takes in) the Piece at first View may seem crowded and confused, yet on a nearer View, we find the*  
*prin-*



*Principal Figures placed to such Advantage, as to give us a very advantageous Prospect of the whole. It seems to be one of the earliest Productions of the Platonick School, and to have much of the Manner of its great Master SOCRATES, of whom, by the Testimony of ancient Authors (1), our Theban Cebes seems to have been a Disciple, and is mentioned by Plato in his Phædon. That this is our Author, I think we have little Reason to doubt. Diogenes Laertius assures us, that one Cebes a Theban, and a Platonic Philosopher, was the Author of three Dialogues, intituled Septima, Phrynicus and Tabula, which is undoubtedly the Dialogue before us. The two former are lost. He also by the Testimony of the same Author (2), wrote another small Work called Rerum inferarum narratio; which Suidas takes Notice of (3), and calls it Ennaratio de Sortitione animarum. From which two Titles, I think there is great Reason to suspect this Picce has been preserved to us by Plato, at the End of his Book De Republica, and which he there calls Fabula Heri Armeni; at least there is so great a Resemblance between that and our Tablature, both in the Draught and Manner of Colouring, as would persuade one they both came from the same masterly Hand.*

*I have but a Word to add concerning the Translation annexed to the late Edition of Mr. Collier's Antoninus. (If that Translation be his, which I very much doubt, as being by no Means equal to some other Performances of that Reverend and Ingenious Gentleman.) There appears at first View in it such an unhappy Turn of Humour, as is by no means agreeable to the Simplicity and Majesty of the Original. It seems a studied Imitation of the Manner of a very celebrated Writer (4) of the last Age, who excell'd in the facetious Way,*

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(1) Vid. Plato. Phædon, Xenophont. Memorabilia, Suidas, & Calcidius in Timæum Platon. (2) Vid. Diogenes Laertius, lib. 2.  
(3) Vid. Suidas. (4) Sir Roger l'Estrange.

*Way, and whose Stile a late Author (5) calls the Dapper. It is every where full of point and low Turns of Wit, which in some Places degenerates into Scurrility. The good old Man, who is the Explainer of the Tablature, is made to joke and talk with a Smartness no Way suitable either to his Subject or his Character. Of this in the Notes I have collected some Instances, tho' the whole is so faulty this Way, as will easily appear upon the first View.*

*How far I have succeeded in this Undertaking, and done Justice to my Author, is entirely submitted to the Judgment and Candor of the Reader. For my own Part, all my own Notions of Translation fall so short of my Idea of this Subject, that nothing but a Desire of rendring an Author (who so strongly and beautifully recommends the Interests of Honesty and Virtue) more useful by wearing an English Dress, could in any Measure reconcile me to the Deficiencies of my own Performance.*

*I have for the more distinct View, divided the Tablature into ten Sections. The last of which is neither to be found in the Greek Original, nor in Mr. Collier's Translation: But is supplied from the Arabick Version published by Salmasius (6). I dare not pretend to determine if it be genuine, but as it appears to me to conclude the Dialogue more easily, which otherwise seems to break off abruptly, I have inserted it.*

*I have ventured to add a few Notes, either to explain and illustrate some Passages that seemed obscure, or to remark some of the most distinguished Faults in Mr. Collier's Edition. I had once designed to have prefixed A Dissertation on the Allegorical Figures in the Tablature, As  
also*

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(5) See Hibernicus's Letters Vol. 1. Beginning of the 10th Section.

(6) See the Note at the

*also to have added a Translation of the Fable of Herus Armenus the Pamphylian before mentioned, not only as it seemed to me worthy of our Author, but appeared a kind of Supplement to this Dialogue, but that I found the Bounds of my Undertaking would not allow it. If the Publick is pleased to receive this favourably, they may perhaps yet see the Light.*

Edin. May 10.  
1731.

S. BOYSE.



T H E





## The *Tablature* of CEBES.



AS we were walking in the Temple of SATURN, and beholding the several Offerings that had been presented to that Deity, we observed at the Entrance of the Temple, a *Tablature* (1) that engaged our Attention, as being entirely new both with regard to the Draught and the Design. Tho' we considered it very narrowly for some Time, we still found our selves at a Loss to conceive its Meaning, or from whence the Artist had taken his Lights. The Piece could be properly said to represent neither a *City* nor a *Camp*. It seemed a Kind of Inclosure (2), containing in its Compass *two* lesser ones; of which however, there was one larger than the other: Before the *Gate* of the outer *Inclosure*, was represented a great *Concourse* of *People*, and on the Inner Side, a large *Company* of *Women*. Just before the *Gate* appeared the Figure of an *Old Man*, who by his Mien and Posture, seemed to give Directions to those who entered. We had some Time continued in this  
Un-

(1) I have here translated Πίναξ by the Word *Tablature*, because I apprehend there is no Certainty whether this Table was represented in Colours or Sculpture. Mr. Collier takes it for granted it was a Piece of Painting, and expressly calls it a *Picture in Colours*. I shou'd rather believe it was the latter, and of that Kind we call *Basso Relievo*.

(2) Mr. Collier calls it a *Court*. I rather think the Word περιβόλος signifies an Inclosure, such as may be seen thro', whereas a Court is commonly supposed to be wall'd about.

Uncertainty, with Regard to the Design of this Work, when an old Man who had heedfully observed us, addressed us in this Manner. ‘ You must not be

‘ surprized, that you who are Strangers in this Country, cannot comprehend this *Tablature*; the greatest Part of our Inhabitants are in this Particular equally ignorant as your selves. This Piece is not the Present of a Native (3). A certain Stranger, a Man of great Learning and Virtue, and a zealous Disciple of (4) *Pythagoras* and *Parmenides*, both in his Principles and Practice, coming formerly to this Place consecrated this Temple, and with it the *Tablature* before you to SATURN.’ I asked our courteous old Man, if he had known and conversed with this wise Stranger? ‘ I was long (replied he)

‘ acquainted with him, and have often admired that profound Judgment, which notwithstanding his Youth, discovered itself in his Conversation (5), and I have often with Pleasure heard him discourse upon the Subject of your Enquiry, and explain the Moral of the Piece before you.’ We conjure, (said I)

if some important Business do not call you away, to satisfy our Curiosity on this Head. ‘ I have Leisure (answered he) and shall willingly consent to your Request; but it is first proper to warn you, that there is some Danger in what you ask.’ Danger! of what Kind? ‘ Because (proceeded he) if you

‘ hearken with Attention, and by that Means shall understand what I say to you, you will become wise and happy; if otherwise, you will remain restless and unhappy, and live in perpetual Misery and Ignorance. The Explanation of the *Tablature* before you, is like the Riddle proposed by the *Sphinx*. Whoever discovered

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(3) This is none of our *Town Manufacture*, — but a certain *Outlandish* Man, (*Collier*.) (4) Vid. *Diog. Laert.* lib. 8 & 9. (5) For to my Thinking, he talk’d at a strange significant Rate. (*Collier*.)

' vered the Mystery was safe, but those who failed in  
 ' their Attempt were destroyed by the Monsters. The  
 ' Case here is much the same; for Folly is the *Sphinx*  
 ' of Mankind. She darkly points out to us what is  
 ' good, what is ill, and what is indifferent in Life.  
 ' She does not indeed, like her, immediately dis-  
 ' patch (6) those who understand her not, but slow-  
 ' ly (7) poisons their Condition, like those who are  
 ' given up to Punishment for Life. But by a narrow  
 ' Examination, when we come to understand Things  
 ' aright, Folly disappears, and the Remainder of Life  
 ' is blest with Happiness and Serenity. Give good At-  
 ' tention therefore to what I shall say, as to a Matter  
 ' which we are all nearly concerned in.' If  
 the Case be thus, you have made us justly impatient to  
 hear you. ' It is just so.' We intreat then  
 you would begin, and be assured the important Con-  
 sequences you have mentioned, will fully engage our  
 most careful Attention (8).

§ I. HEREUPON lifting up his Staff, and pointing  
 to the Tablature, ' You see (said he) this great Inclo-  
 ' sure?' We do. ' You must then in the first  
 ' Place suppose this to represent HUMANE LIFE, and  
 ' the Multitude at the Gate, those who are daily en-  
 ' tring into the World. That old Person you see ele-  
 ' vated near the Gate, holding in one Hand a Paper,  
 ' and

(6) For tho' she does not chop him up at a Mouthful. (Collier.)

(7) *Magne Pater Divum, sevos punire Tyrannos*

*Non alia ratione velis. ———*

*Virtutem videant intabelcantque reliqua.*

(8) It is proper to observe, that the main Design of *Cebes* in this Dialogue, is to show that Virtue and Wisdom are the only true Happiness of Mankind, and Vice and Ignorance the only true Misery; that these two former are ever inseparable, because Virtue consists not in the Speculation but the Practice. This he constantly takes Care to inculcate in the strongest Manner.



' and with the other extended as giving out Directions,  
 ' is called the GENIUS OF MANKIND. He is placed  
 ' there to give Instructions to all who enter into Life, what  
 ' they must do, and point out to them, the Path they  
 ' ought to take, in order to arrive at true Happiness.  
 Which is the Way, (said I) and how do they find it?  
 ' You see near the Gate a painted Woman seated on a  
 ' Throne, of a specious Aspect, who holds a Cup in  
 ' her Hand.' I see, but who is she? ' She  
 ' is called IMPOSTURE, because she seduces all Men.'  
 After what Manner? ' (1) All who enter into  
 ' Life are obliged to taste of that Cup.' What  
 Liquor does it contain? ' It is a Mixture of  
 ' Error and Ignorance.' What follows upon  
 their taking this Potion? ' They then enter in-  
 ' to Life.' Are none excepted from this Draught?  
 ' None (said he) but some drink more and some less.  
 ' You see likewise within the Gate, several Women  
 ' differently apparralled (2)? We do. ' These  
 ' (resumed he) are called the Opinions, Desires and  
 ' Pleasures. The Crowd you see, upon their Entrance,  
 ' are severally met and embraced by these Women, and  
 ' at length led away by them (3). Whither do  
 they carry them? ' Some to Safety and some  
 ' to Destruction, in Proportion to what they have  
 ' drunk out of the Cup of Imposture.' How dan-  
 gerous

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(1) She opens a Vein and gives them a Glass of her Constitution, —  
 When they have taken this Stirrup-Cup, they travel into Life, — Every  
 Body, but not all Brimmers. (Coll.) (2) The Words here  
 Δόξαι καὶ Ἐπιθυμίας, are by the Latin Translator very improperly cal-  
 led *turba mulierum meretricum*. Cebes tells us soon after, that some of  
 these conduct their Followers to Safety and Happiness, which would  
 be by no means agreeable to the Character of *Meretrices*. There seems  
 to be no more meant by this Groupe of Figures, than the true and false  
 Opinions of Mankind, in Relation to Happiness. (3) These Lasses  
 frisk about them, and salute them with a great deal of Welcome, and  
 then lugg them off. — Some to Ruin and the Gallows. (Coll.)

gerous, O wise old Man! is the Draught you speak of!

‘ These Women (resumed he) all promise their Votaries the greatest of Blessings, and the Enjoyment of a Life of Ease and Happiness, with which they seem well satisfied. The Mixture of Error and Ignorance they have received from (4) *Imposture*, blinds their Understandings, hinders them from finding the true Way of Life, and makes them follow these Women as you see. Do ye not see how those who have entered first, wander about at their Direction?’

We do, (said I) but who is that Woman placed on a Globe, who seems both blind and distracted?

‘ They call her FORTUNE. (replied he) She is not only blind, but deaf and Senseless.’

What is her Employment?

‘ She turns her self incessantly about on all Sides, snatching from some their Possessions, to bestow them upon others, whom she again deprives of them, to gratify new Favourites without Certainty or Choice. Her Attitude properly marks her Character.’ How so?

‘ Her being placed on a *Globe*, signifies that her Gifts are inconstant, and of no true Value, and that those who trust to, or depend upon her specious Promises, are exposed to the greatest Calamities and Misfortunes.’

What is the Meaning of that great *Crowd* that surround her, who are they, and what do they wait for there?

‘ They are called the *Inconsiderate*, and stand there to catch what she blindly scatters amongst them.’

What Occasions such a remarkable Difference in their Looks, some seeming to rejoyce, and others to lament, excessively?

‘ Those who rejoyce, (return’d he) are such who have received Favours from her, and with these she is the Goddess of *Good Fortune*. Those on the contrary, whom you

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‘ see

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(4) Makes them so *muddy-headed*.

‘ see weeping and wringing their Hands, are such whom  
 ‘ she has deprived of her Gifts, and with these she is  
 ‘ stiled the Goddess of *Ill-Fortune*.’ What, (re-  
 ‘ plied I) can those Benefits be, the Possession of which  
 ‘ causes such great Joy, and the Loss of which is attend-  
 ‘ ed with such extravagant Grief? ‘ They are  
 ‘ those Things which Men commonly call good.’  
 ‘ What are these? ‘ *Riches, Glory, Nobility, a nu-*  
 ‘ *merous Posterity, Power, Honour, and such like.*  
 ‘ And are not these real Advantages? ‘ Of that  
 ‘ (reply’d our *Instructor*) we shall speak hereafter more  
 ‘ fully, let us at present continue the Explication of  
 ‘ our *Tableture*.’ Content.

‘ II. You see, (proceeded he) beyond this first  
 ‘ Gate, a higher *Inclosure*, on the Outer Side of which  
 ‘ stand several Women wantonly dressed? ‘ Ve-  
 ‘ ry plainly. ‘ These are INCONTINENCE, LU-  
 ‘ XURY, COVETOUSNESS and FLATTERY.’  
 ‘ What is their Business in that Place? ‘ You see  
 ‘ how narrowly they watch those who have been fa-  
 ‘ vour’d by Fortune.’ For what End?  
 ‘ They rejoice with them, and congratulate them on  
 ‘ their Success, they caress and endeavour to ingratiate  
 ‘ themselves with them, and invite their Stay by the  
 ‘ Promise of a soft and indolent Life, free from Care  
 ‘ and Trouble: If any one is thus inticed by them to  
 ‘ the Love of Pleasure, this Course of Life appears for a  
 ‘ Time, (while a Man is under the Delusion) to be de-  
 ‘ lightful; but this Happiness is meerly imaginary.  
 ‘ For when once he begins to reflect, he finds that all  
 ‘ the Pleasures he has tasted are false, that the Evils  
 ‘ that attended them are real, and that he has been mi-  
 ‘ serably deceived and abus’d: When he has in this  
 ‘ Course wasted all the Remains of his good Fortune,  
 ‘ he is forced to enter himself in the Service of these  
 ‘ Mistresses,



‘ Mistresses, to suffer a thousand Inconveniencies, to submit to the basest Slavery, and on their Account, to commit the vilest and basest Actions, such as Deceit, Sacrilege, Perjury, Treachery and Theft, till failing of any Support from these, he is delivered over into the Hands of PUNISHMENT. Who is she ?

‘ You see, (proceeded he) a little farther beyond those Women, a kind of *Low Gate*, opening into a confused obscure Hole, in which are represented several *Women* covered with Rags and Filthiness.’ We see it.

‘ The first, with a Whip in her Hand is called PUNISHMENT, she who sits next with her Head reclining on her Knees, is called SADNESS, that *Woman* tearing her Hair is TROUBLE.’

But that frightful *Lean Man* standing naked by them, who looks so meagre and ghastly, and that *Woman* with him who resembles him so much, who are they (1) ?

‘ The Man is called SORROW, and his Sister by him is DESPAIR. Into the Hands of these *Executioners*, is our unhappy Man delivered over, and leads with them a wretched Life, full of Pain and Anguish. From hence he is again conveyed to another Prison, which is the Dwelling of MISERY, where he is condemned to pass the Remainder of his Life, unless REPENTANCE comes to his Relief.’

But how if REPENTANCE interposes ? ‘ He is by her

‘ rescued from these Evils, and receives from her a new View of Things, and a new Opinion, tending to true Learning, but which at the same Time may lead him to False Learning.’

What is the Consequence of this ? ‘ If he be so happy as to receive the first, he is at once delivered from all his

‘ Prejudices and Errors, and passes the rest of his Days

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in

(1) What ill look’d *Skeleton* of a *Fellow* is that, with ne’er a ratter to his Limbs, and that *Woman* too by him, that’s *Beauty* enough to be his *Sister*. (*Collier*.)

in Tranquillity and Peace ; if otherwise he is again  
 ' deceived by *False Learning*.' His  
 Case is very hazardous ; but who is this *False Learning* ?

' III. You see that second *Inclosure* ? Yes.

' At the Entrance of it, you may observe a *Woman* neatly dressed, and of a good Appearance. The Vulgar, and those who take up with the Show of Things, call her *LEARNING* ; but this is a Mistake, she is *FALSE LEARNING*. Even those happy Travelers, who succeed in their Pursuit of *TRUE LEARNING*, are commonly detained some Time by her.' Is there no other Way to arrive at *True Learning* ? ' There is \*\*\*\*\* But who

are those Persons walking up and down in this Court ? ' They are (said he) the Admirers of *False Learning*, who being deceived by Appearances, fondly imagine they have reached the *True*.' Who are these ? ' They are some of them *Poets*, others

' *Orators*, *Logicians*, *Musicians*, *Arithmeticians*, *Geometricians*, *Astrologers*, and *Critics*, with others of the like Professions.' But who are those *Women*, so

busy on every Side addressing themselves to this Company ? Are they not the same you shew'd us at first, amongst whom were *INCONTINENCE* with her Companions ? \* \* \* Do they come here also ?

' Yes (said he) but less frequently than into the first *Inclosure*.' Do the *Opinions* also enter here ?

' Yes, the early Potion received from *Imposure*, still operates, *Ignorance* finds a Place here, and if you can believe me, *Extravagance* and *Folly* are not excluded.

' They remain under the Power of these, till having left *False Learning*, they enter upon the Path that leads them to *True Learning*, from whom  
 ' they

‘ whom they receive that *Sovereign Remedy* (1), which  
 ‘ frees them from the Ill-Effects that *Error* and *Ignor-*  
 ‘ *rance* produce. But while they stay with FALSE  
 ‘ LEARNING, they are never truly free, nor can  
 ‘ they by her Assistance deliver themselves from any of  
 ‘ the Evils we speak of.’ Proceed we pray you,  
 (said I) and show us this Happy Way that leads to  
*True Learning*.

‘ IV. You behold, (proceeded our Venerable In-  
 ‘ structor) that rising Ground before you, that appears  
 ‘ desert and uninhabited.’ We do. ‘ You  
 ‘ observe then upon it a *Little Gate*, that opens on a  
 ‘ narrow and unfrequented Path (1), that appears ve-  
 ‘ ry broken and impracticable. You see likewise near  
 ‘ it a spacious Ground, steep like a Precipice.’ I  
 ‘ see it. ‘ This is the Road to TRUE LEAR-  
 ‘ NING.’ This Road appears very difficult in-  
 ‘ deed. ‘ You see then a little above it, a high  
 ‘ and craggy Rock, on whose Side appear two comely  
 ‘ healthy *Women*, who seem chearfully to stretch out  
 ‘ their Hands.’ I see them plainly; but who are  
 ‘ they (2)? ‘ One of them is called TEMPERANCE,  
 ‘ the other PATIENCE; they are *Sisters*.’ But  
 ‘ why do they extend their Hands so (3)? ‘ To  
 ‘ encourage all those who pass this Way, and exhort  
 ‘ them not to be discouraged, by assuring them that  
 ‘ these Hardships will not be of long Continuance, that  
 ‘ they will lessen by Degrees, and the Passage grow  
 M 3 ‘ more

(1) Enter into a *Course of Physick*. (Collier.)

(1) ——— *Pauci : quos aquus amavit*

*Jupiter, aut ardens exexit ad Aethera virtus*

*Diis geniti potuere.* —

See St. Matth. vii. v. 14.

(2) Ἀνέχεσθαι & Ἀπέχεσθαι. *Abstine & Sustine*, the great Maxim of the Sto-  
 ic School, in which Epictetus comprehended the whole Practice of  
 Morality. (3) But what makes them sprawl their Hands out with  
 so much *Fansy*? (Collier.)



‘ more easy and agreeable.’ But what Method do they take, when they come to the Foot of this Rock, for I see no Way to ascend it? ‘ Those friendly *Sisters* give them their Assistance and Help, till they reach the Top; where, on their Arrival, they allow them a short Time to repose themselves, and then inspire them with new Vigour, by promising to conduct them safely to TRUE LEARNING, by showing them the Easiness and pleasantness of the Way they are now to enter upon, and how free it is, from all Manner of Hazard and Inconveniency, as you may see.’ So indeed it appears to be.

‘ V. Do you see, (continued he) near that distant Wood, a certain beautiful Place, like a delightful *Meadow*, on which there seems to fall a strong Light.’ Very distinctly. ‘ In this you see a *Gate* that opens into another *Inclosure*.’ True, what Place is it? ‘ This is the Abode of the Blessed; here the VIRTUES dwell with HAPPINESS.’ How lovely the Place appears! ‘ You see near the *Gate*, (resum’d he) a handsome *Woman* of a composed Aspect, who appears middle aged, her Habit plain without Affectation or Ornaments. She stands not on a *Globe* but on a *Square Pedestal*. There stand by her two Virgins who appear to be her *Daughters*.’ They do indeed resemble her very much. ‘ She in the middle is TRUE LEARNING, the others are TRUTH and PERSUASION. The Mother is placed on a (1) *Square*, to signify the Certainty and Safety of the Way that leads to her, and the unalterable and permanent Nature both of the Blessings she bestows, and their happy Effects.’ What are those

(1) There is a Passage (which *Cebes* seems to have in View) of *Simonides*, as quoted by *Plato* in *Protagoras*. ‘ *Vir bonus revera quadrans, sine reprehensione.*’ Vid. *Arist. Ethica*. lib. 1. & 3.

those Blessings?

‘ They are *Courage* and  
‘ *Serenity*.’ What is their Nature?

‘ Such as renders the Possessors undisturbed by any of  
‘ the Accidents and Calamities of Life, since no real  
‘ Evil can befall those who enjoy them.’ What

valuable Gifts are these! But why is *True Learning*  
placed without the *Inclosure*? ‘ That she

‘ may present those who approach her with her purify-  
‘ ing Remedy (2); and thus restoring them to them-  
‘ selves, in that State introduce them to the *Virtues*.’

How is this, for I don’t well comprehend your Mean-  
ing? ‘ But you shall presently (resum’d our In-

‘ structor.) The Case here is like that of a Man under  
‘ a violent Disease, who is brought to the Physician,  
‘ who first finds out and removes the Cause of his Dis-  
‘ order, and then by Degrees restores him to his Health  
‘ and Strength. But if the Patient should disregard  
‘ his Advice, he would deservedly perish (3).’ Now

I understand you. ‘ Just so (said he) when a Man  
‘ comes to *True Learning* (4); She administers to  
‘ him this sovereign Medecine, which purges him of  
‘ all Evils he brought along with him.’ What

are those? ‘ In the first Place (5), the Ignorance  
‘ and Error he drank with *Imposture*, together with  
‘ *Pride, Lust, Anger, Avarice*, and all the other Vices  
‘ he contracted in the first *Inclosure*.’ When they

are thus cleansed, where are they sent? ‘ To  
‘ Happiness and the *VIRTUES*.’ Who are they?

‘ VI. You see, (proceeded he) within that Gate, a  
‘ little Society of Matrons, who appear most beautiful  
‘ and modest, who have nothing of that Paint and Af-  
M 4 ‘ fectionation

(2) Her *Cephalic* Prescription. (*Collier*.) (3) Vid. *Philosrat*,  
in vitâ *Appollon. Tyanai*. (4) He falls a *doctoring* of him present-  
ly, gives him a *purging Dose* out of her own *Dispensatory*. (*Collier*.)  
(5) *Imposture* drench’d him with. (*Collier*.)

‘fectionation you observ’d in the other Women.’  
 We do; but how are they called? ‘The first  
 ‘said he is called SCIENCE, the rest are her *Sisters*,  
 ‘FORTITUDE, JUSTICE, INTEGRITY (1),  
 ‘TEMPERANCE, MODESTY (2), LIBERALI-  
 ‘TY, CONTINENCE, CLEMENCY, and PATI-  
 ‘ENCE (3).’ How charming is this Company!  
 and how great Encouragement do you give us!  
 ‘Provided said he, you understand what you hear, and  
 ‘resolve to practise it (4).’ This is our Intenti-  
 on.’ ‘Thus you will be happy.’ But when  
 a Man is in this agreeable Society, where do they lead  
 him? ‘To their Mother HAPPINESS.’  
 Who is she? ‘See you not (resumed the  
 ‘good old Man) the Way that leads to that Eminence,  
 ‘which is the highest Point of all the Inclosures. Near  
 ‘it there sits a comely Matron in her Bloom, well  
 ‘dressed, without Art (5), and crowned after a very  
 ‘beautiful Manner. She is elevated on a kind of  
 ‘Throne.’ We observe her. ‘This Ma-  
 ‘jestic Person is HAPPINESS.’ After what  
 Manner does she treat those who are brought to her?  
 ‘She rewards them with Crowns, such as are bestow-  
 ‘ed on those who are Conquerors in any great Enter-  
 ‘prize.’ In what Conflicts, said I, have these  
 Persons been victorious? ‘In dangerous ones,  
 ‘(pursued he) and have triumph’d over formidable  
 ‘Monsters, who would have destroyed them; these  
 ‘they have now subdued, so as to make them obedi-  
 ‘ent.

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(1) Καλοκαγαθία.] Vid. Aristot. Ethic. (2) Σοφροσύνη.]  
 In ea parte honestatis *Verecundia*. & quasi quidem ornatu vitæ, tem-  
 perantia & modestia, omnisque sedatio perturbationum animi, & re-  
 modus cernitur. Cic. (3) Πρᾶξις.] The Word prope y signi-  
 fies the Moderation of our Passions, vid. Aristot. Ethic. lib. 4. (4)  
 Vid. Epictet. cap. 23 & Marc. Anton. Phil. lib. 12. § 39. (5)  
 Not to any Degree of *Maggo*; or *Curiosity*. (Collier.)



ent, who before tyranniz'd over them (6). Pray inform us what Monsters are these? ' They are ' in the first Place IGNORANCE and ERROR. Are ' not these Monsters? ' Yes without doubt, (said I) and very dangerous ones too. ' Those ' that follow are no less so, such as GRIEF, VEXATION, AVARICE, and the other Vices with INTEMPERANCE. These are in their Turn subdued, ' and lose all their former Power.' O glorious Conquest! But pray tell us what is the Virtue of that Crown they receive from HAPPINESS? ' The ' Virtue of it, O young Man! (said he) is very great? ' whoever wears it, is perfectly blessed, and free from ' all Evil. He derives his Happiness from no external ' Object, but from himself alone (7). O exalted Victory! But when they are thus crowned, whether do they go? ' They are carried by the *Virtues* to that Place from whence they came, who ' there show them the Crowd they have left, and how ' badly and miserably they pass their Time, and wander up and down in Error and Ignorance, or led away ' by different Passions, by Pride, by Incontinence, ' Avarice, Vanity and the other Vices: By these they ' are bound, so that they cannot free themselves, nor ' find the Way to *True Learning* but are tormented with endless Anxiety. This happens to them, ' by the Neglect or Forgetfulness of these good Counsels they received from the GENIUS, at their Entrance into Life.' What you say, appears highly reasonable, (said I) but there is one Thing you have not yet explained, why the *Virtues* thus show them the Place

(6) Snap'd a Collop sometimes out of their Carcase. (Collier.)  
 (7) Philosophi status & expressa imago est, omnem utilitatem & damnum a semet-ipso expectare. Epict. cap. 71. vid. cap. 3. 6. & 7. & passim, & Senec. de Ben. lib. 4. cap. 34. & Marc. Anton. lib. 4.

Place they came from? ' The Reason, (answered our Instructor) is because as they pass through Life, they have no true Knowledge of the Scene. They can't distinctly see what is done amidst the Confusion of Things that surround them. The Mists of Ignorance and Error obscure the Prospect. They often confound good and Evil, and by that Means are frequently subject to Mistakes. Now that they have attained to *True Learning* they see Things in a new Light. The Miserie of a contrary Course strikes them more strongly, and sets their present Happiness in the clearest View.' When they have seen these Things, where do they go next? ' Where-ever they please, (said he) it is the same Thing. They carry their Happiness in their own Breasts. They are always safe, as if they were in the (8) *Corycian Cave*. Their Integrity is their perpetual Security and Defence. They are beloved and esteem'd by all, as good Physicians are by the Sick. Have they nothing to fear from those Female Monsters (9) you just now spoke of? ' Nothing, (answered he) Grief, Trouble, Lust, Avarice, or Poverty, have no Power to hurt them, they are superior to all those Passions, which before had the Government of them; like those who carry about them a Sovereign Counterpoison,

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(9) This *Corycian Cave*, was a Place in *Cilicia*, of which two ancient Geographers have given us a very particular Account. It was a Cave (or rather a small Valley) situated near the Sea-side: open to the South, and surrounded with inaccessible Rocks towards the Land. It was watered with a fine Spring, and very fruitful, being remarkable for producing the best kind of Saffron. vid. *Strab.* lib. 14. & *Pomp. Mela.* lib. 1. By this *Cebes* beautifully insinuates the Happiness of a good Man, who is so equally at all Times, and in all Places and Conditions.

*Integer vita, scelerisque purus, &c.*

Hor.

(9) Like Bears in a Bear-garden. (*Collier.*)

' poison (10), they can walk unhurt thro' these dange-  
 ' rous Serpents, the Venom of which they see fatal to  
 ' many round them.' You speak well: But who  
 are these Persons descending the Hill, some of them  
 crowned, who appear very joyful, and others with-  
 out Crowns, who seem forlorn and desperate under  
 the Command of certain Women? ' Those that  
 ' are crowned, (said he) are such who by finding the  
 ' Way to *True Learning* are arrived at Happiness,  
 ' and are consequently pleased with their Success :  
 ' Those who want Crowns, are such who by  
 ' their Folly have neglected to seek the Way to  
 ' *True Learning* ; or else having found it, have stopt  
 ' at the narrow and rough Ascent we spoke of, and  
 ' by looking for an easier Path, have quite lost the  
 ' Road.' But who are those Women that follow  
 them? ' They are, (replied he) CARE,  
 ' TROUBLE, DESPAIR, IGNOMINY, and IGNO-  
 ' RANCE.' If it be so, they are very wretched.  
 ' They are so indeed. (proceeded he) When driven by  
 ' those Tormentors, they return into the first Inclosure,  
 ' to *Luxury* and *Incontinence*, the Wonder is, that  
 ' they do not accuse themselves as the Authors of their  
 ' own Ruin ; but unjustly revile true Learning and its  
 ' Fol-

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(10) There is some Difficulty about the Meaning of the Word  
 Ε'χιδναῖοι, which the Latin Version calls *Viperarii*. *Pliny* in the 7th  
 Book of Natural History, tells of a People in Italy called *Marfi*, who  
 were naturally secure from being bit by Serpents. *Strabo* has a parallel  
 Passage. Others imagine it signifies those who hunted or catch'd *Vipers*,  
 and had some Way of securing themselves from their Venom. Others  
 think it should be Ε'χιδναῖοι, those who carried about *Vipers* for a  
 Shew, had them under Command, and could handle them without be-  
 ing hurt. I confess this last Interpretation, which is that of the learn-  
 ed *Causabon*, seems most fully to express the Meaning of *Cebes* here,  
 which certainly is to point out the perfect Security and Happiness of a  
 virtuous Man. Mr. *Collier* gives a Signification of it that is perfectly  
 unnatural and incoherent.



‘ Followers, as if they were unfortunate and deluded  
 ‘ Men, who pursued a Shadow of Happiness, while  
 ‘ they themselves, as they alledge, possess in Riot and  
 ‘ Luxury the true Pleasures of Life. For like the Brute  
 ‘ Creation, they place their whole Satisfaction in the  
 ‘ Gratification of their sensual Appetites.’

BUT who are those other Women who return so full of  
 Gaiety and Mirth? ‘ They are the OPINIONS,

‘ (said he) who having conducted the virtuous to  
 ‘ *True Learning* are coming back to invite and car-  
 ‘ ry others thither in their Turn, by shewing them  
 ‘ the Success and Felicity of those who have gone be-  
 ‘ fore them.’

Do these never go in amongst the  
*Virtues*.

‘ No, (answered he) because *Opinion*  
 ‘ can never reach to SCIENCE. They only deliver  
 ‘ them into the Hands of *True Learning*, and then re-  
 ‘ turn to bring others, like Ships that discharge their  
 ‘ Lading, in order to fetch a new Cargo.

You have fully satisfied us in your Explanation: But you  
 have not yet told us what the GENIUS prescribes  
 to those who enter into Life!

‘ He bids them,  
 ‘ (replied he) be of good Cheer (11); this I also re-  
 ‘ commend to you, as I shall more particularly ex-  
 ‘ plain it, without omitting any Thing, that may make  
 ‘ you fully understand me.

VII. STRETCHING out again his Arm, ‘ Observe  
 ‘ (continued he) that blind Woman standing on a Globe,  
 ‘ who, as I told you before, was called FORTUNE.  
 We see.

‘ The *Genius* forbids us to trust her,  
 ‘ to place any Certainty or Happiness in her Favours,  
 ‘ or regard what she gives us as properly our own,  
 ‘ since we have no Security against her taking them  
 from

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(11) *Rebus angustis animosus atque  
 Fortis appare.*

Hor.

' from us to bestow them upon others, a Thing she fre-  
 ' quently practises. For this Reason he warns us,  
 ' not too highly to indulge our selves in her Gifts, nor  
 ' too deeply to be cast down with the Loss of them,  
 ' neither to esteem or despise her too much, since she  
 ' acts from no just Principle, but does all Things incon-  
 ' siderately and rashly. He would not have us be sur-  
 ' prised at her Conduct, or imitate these miserable U-  
 ' surers (1), who when Money is intrusted in their  
 ' Hands, rejoice as if they received it for their own  
 ' Use, but when it is redemanded, pay it back with  
 ' Unwillingness, forgetting that the Condition of their  
 ' receiving it, was that it should be returned to the Pro-  
 ' prietor without Trouble or Delay. In this Light  
 ' would the *Genius* have us to consider the Advantages  
 ' of *Fortune* : And to remember it is her Characteristic  
 ' to take what she gives, to return it back perhaps in-  
 ' creased, and soon after not only deprive us of all she  
 ' has given, but even of what we were possessed of be-  
 ' fore. He bids us therefore receive what she bestows,  
 ' and employ it immediately in some valuable and real  
 ' Purchase.' What is that ? ' Such an  
 ' one as *True Learning* will afford them, if they can at-  
 ' tain it.' What will they receive from her ?  
 ' TRUE SCIENCE, (said he) the most lasting and  
 ' precious Possession. Upon this Account the *Genius*  
 ' directs us to apply ourselves immediately to gain this  
 ' important Acquisition. He advises us to pass thro' the  
 ' first Inclosure, without hearkening to the Solicitations  
 ' of those loose Women *Incontinence* and *Luxury*, who  
 ' by their insinuating Flatteries, are so ready to seduce  
 ' us from the right Way. He bids us to reject their  
 ' Temptations, and go on to *False Learning*. With her  
 he

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(1) The Arabic Version renders the Word *Ṭaḥṣīl*, *Guesst*;  
 but that no Way agrees with what follows.

‘ he would have us make a short Stay, to hear what she  
 ‘ proposes that may be of Service to us in our Journey,  
 ‘ and then proceed forward to *True Learning*. These  
 ‘ are the Commands of the *Genius*. Who ever misap-  
 ‘ prehends or neglects them, becomes ignorant and E-  
 ‘ vil, and in the End wretched. This, my Friends, is  
 ‘ the Explication of the *Tablature* before you. If you  
 ‘ have any Doubts remaining, I shall endeavour to sa-  
 ‘ tisfy you, for at present I am fully at Leisure.

VIII. I thank’d our good old Man, with whose  
 Narration we were all pleas’d very much, but (said I)  
 pray inform us what it is the *Genius* would have us get  
 by our Stay with *False Learning*? ‘ Some  
 ‘ Things (said he) that may be of Use to us.’ What  
 are they? ‘ The Languages (answered he) and  
 ‘ those other Parts of Education, which *Plato* (1) some-  
 ‘ where recommends to Youth, to keep them from be-  
 ‘ ing worse employed, and restrain them from the Love  
 ‘ of Pleasure.’ But tell us, are these Things ne-  
 cessary to guide us to *True Learning*? ‘ Not ab-  
 ‘ solutely so (said he) they are indeed convenient, but  
 ‘ they contribute nothing of themselves to true Happi-  
 ‘ ness. They are of no Significance to make Men bet-  
 ‘ ter than before. A Man may become wise without  
 ‘ their Assistance; and yet they are far from being use-  
 ‘ less: For tho’ we may understand any Language by  
 ‘ the Help of an Interpreter, yet it would be more con-  
 ‘ venient to us, if we ourselves were Masters of the  
 ‘ Language (2). Thus you see we do not indispensib-  
 ‘ ly need the Assistance of these Arts in our Pursuit of  
 ‘ *True Learning*.’ The learned then, as they are  
 commonly called, are in no better a Condition than  
 other

(1) Vid. lib. 7. De Legibus, & Xenophont. memorabilia. (2)  
 Circularem eruditionem etiam ut minorem & famulam amplector: sci-  
 entiam vero, ut perfectam & heram veneror. *Philo.*



other Men (3) ' Certainly (continuèd he) they  
 ' are not. Do not you see them equally with others,  
 ' differ in their Sentiments of good and Evil, and given  
 ' up to their several Passions? For nothing hinders but  
 ' that Men may be well vers'd in these Arts, and yet  
 ' abandoned to *Drunkenness, Intemperance, Covetousness,*  
 ' *Injustice, Folly, and Treachery.*' It is very true,  
 there are many such. ' If so, (said he) what Ad-  
 ' vantage does this imaginary Learning give them over  
 ' others, or what Use is it to them for the Amendment  
 ' of their Lives?' Of very little, if Things are  
 so: But what is the Reason they are placed in the se-  
 cond Inclosure so near to *True Learning*? ' Their  
 ' Situation is of very little Benefit to them, since they  
 ' often see others pass from amongst the Vices in the  
 ' first Inclosure, to *True Learning*, leaving the Followers  
 ' of the Arts behind. After this you cannot say this  
 ' Learning of theirs is of great Service to them. Either  
 ' then they are more indolent or more intractable than  
 ' other Men.' How comes that to be? ' Be-  
 ' cause (replied he) these Persons in the second Inclo-  
 ' sure, who are so taken up with *False Learning*, are  
 ' unhappy in this, that they have a fond Opinion of  
 ' their own Mistakes. They imagine themselves in the  
 ' Possession of *True Learning*; and while they think so,  
 ' it is no Wonder they rest contented with what they  
 ' have. Besides, you see the *Opinions* come in here  
 ' from the first Inclosure. Therefore they are no Way  
 ' better than other Men, unless they are relieved by  
 ' *Repentance* (4), who convinces them of their Error,  
 ' and shews them how they have mistaken the *False*  
 ' *Learning* from the *True*: And for you my Friends (5),  
 ' un-

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(3) Stand fairer for *Degrees* in Honesty. (Collier.) (4) Unless  
*Repentance* calls in at their Lodgings. (Collier.) (5) Vid. Epictet.  
 Iassim. Platon. loc illustr. lib. 3. de Legibus. Chremes in Ferent.

‘ unless you are long conversant about these Things,  
 ‘ and by that Means fix them in your Esteem, and re-  
 ‘ duce them into Practice, you will receive but little  
 ‘ Advantage from what you have heard.’ We  
 shall carefully (said I) follow your good Advice ; but  
 pray inform us farther why you do not Account those  
 Things as good in themselves, which we receive from  
*Fortune*. Are not Life, Health, Riches, Glory, Poste-  
 rity, Victory, and such like real Advantages, and is  
 not the Want or Loss of those to be considered as Evil?  
 This to us seems a Paradox.

‘ IX. Proceed then, (resumed our old Man) and let  
 ‘ us examine this Matter more narrowly, and answer  
 ‘ me the Questions I shall propose to you.’ I shall.  
 ‘ Is Life then a Blessing to an ill Man? No  
 certainly, it is rather an Evil. ‘ How then can  
 ‘ Life it self be a Blessing, when to such a Man it is  
 ‘ really an Evil.’ It is a Blessing to the good,  
 and a Misfortune to the bad. ‘ So you think  
 ‘ Life is at the same Time both a Good and an Evil?’  
 Yes. ‘ Beware, (replied he) of such an Absurdi-  
 ‘ ty. It is impossible the same Thing can be good and  
 ‘ ill at the same Time. If so, it might also be in it  
 ‘ self at the same Time useful and hurtful, desirable  
 ‘ and hateful, which is a manifest Contradiction.’ It  
 is so. But if he who lives ill is unhappy, is not Life  
 an Evil to him? ‘ But to live and live ill are  
 ‘ not the same Thing. Do you not think there is a  
 ‘ wide Difference? There seems to be so.  
 ‘ To live then, in itself is no Evil (1) ; for if it were,  
 ‘ it would be also an Evil to the Good, who enjoy an  
 ‘ equal Share of it. Since then Life is a Priviledge  
 ‘ common to all Men, it follows, that it is in it self  
 ‘ nei-

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(1) Life is no bad Business. (Collier.)

‘ Neither good nor Evil : Much like these Operations  
 ‘ in Chyrurgery, which are of great Use to the Sick,  
 ‘ but would be very pernicious to Persons in good  
 ‘ Health. Just so we must consider Life ; but let us  
 ‘ go on. Tell me which would you chuse, a vitious  
 ‘ Life, or an honest and generous Death ?’ The  
 latter certainly.

‘ Therefore Death is in it self  
 ‘ no Evil, since it is frequently preferable to Life it  
 ‘ self ?’ So it appears. ‘ It is the same Case

‘ with respect to Sickness and Health, since there are  
 ‘ many Cases, wherein the former is more beneficial to  
 ‘ us than the latter (2).’ So I think. ‘ Let

‘ us proceed, and consider Riches in the same View :  
 ‘ Or rather let us see how many who possess them, lead  
 ‘ wicked and miserable Lives.’ There are Proofs  
 enough of this.

‘ Their Riches then are of no  
 ‘ Use to promote their Happiness ?’ They seem  
 not.

‘ Goodness therefore flows from Learning  
 ‘ not from Riches ?’ So it appears. ‘ How

‘ then can Riches be good in themselves, since they  
 ‘ can neither make their Possessors better or happier  
 ‘ Men ?’ They cannot. ‘ Therefore they

‘ are Evil to those who know not how to make a Right  
 ‘ Use of them.’ So I think. ‘ How can

‘ that therefore be accounted in it self good, that is of  
 ‘ no Service to the Owner ?’ Not at all.

‘ If therefore any make a good and right Use of their  
 ‘ Riches, they will live well, if not, they will live  
 ‘ miserably (3).’ What you say appears very

just. ‘ To conclude then, the Mischief lies in  
 ‘ our too highly esteeming them as really good, or too  
 ‘ meanly despising them as really Evil, whereas in  
 ‘ themselves, they are neither good nor Evil. Men are

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apt

(2) As when Health is abused by Intemperance.  
 ed with two edg'd Tools to cut his Finger. (Collier.)

(3) Furnish



‘ apt to place too extravagant a Value on them, and imagine them the Means of procuring all Manner of Happiness, and on this Account, stop at nothing, tho’ never so wicked, to acquire them. This they do, because they are ignorant of the true Good.’

‘ X. THEY consider not (1), continued our venerable Instructor, that Evil can never produce Good, or Good be the Cause of Evil. Thus you often see great Wealth amassed together by the vilest and worst Actions, such as Lying, Fraud, Theft, Sacrilege, and such like Crimes, which proceed from the most vicious Dispositions. Now if Good can never be the Produce of Evil, we can never call Riches that are acquired in such a Manner, Good.’ This is fully made out. ‘ To proceed then, (said he) as by wicked Actions we shall never purchase Justice, Wisdom or any other Virtue ; so neither by a Course of worthy Actions can we ever become vicious. These Things are incompatible. You often see the most unjust and wicked Men possess of Power, Riches, Victory, Fame, and those other imaginary Blessings of Life. From hence you may conclude, that these Things are neither good nor Evil; and that as Wisdom and Virtue are the only true Blessings, so Ignorance and Vice are the only real Evils of Life.’ You have fully proved this Argument to our intire Satisfaction.

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*Salmasius*, who published the *Arabic* Version of *Cebes*, is of Opinion, that this Section is not genuine, but the Interpolation of the *Arabic* Translator, (who had taken the Liberty in some of the preceeding Sections) because it is wanting in the *Greek Manuscript*, and is not quoted by any of the old Philosophers. *Causabon* thinks otherwise, because Part of it is to be found in *Odaxius*, an old Latin Translator of *Cebes*, who wrote long before the *Arabick* Version was ever known. I shall not presume to determine this Controversy : But as I think it is no Way disagreeable to the rest, I have added it, and leave to the Reader to form what Judgment of it he thinks proper.

tisfaction, and we shall now no longer be deceived by  
 the Appearances of Things. ' You see, (added  
 ' he) that all these Things in themselves are neither  
 ' Good nor Evil, as I before told you. They resemble  
 ' Sleep and Exercise, and the other Natural Motions of  
 ' the Body, which agree in common to all Men. The  
 ' Things that properly distinguish and belong to us are  
 ' Virtue and Vice. The latter is always the Characte-  
 ' ristick of Ignorance, and the former of Wisdom. Two  
 ' contrary Dispositions can never unite to form a con-  
 ' sistent Character, as a Man can never be ignorant and  
 ' wise, asleep and awake at the same Time.' All  
 these you have made very evident to us, (said I) and we  
 have been very pleasingly entertained. ' All those  
 ' Things flow from one Principle, (added he) a Prin-  
 ' ciple truly divine! \* \* \* \* \* What do you  
 mean by that Expression (said I)? ' Life and  
 ' Death, (replied he) Health and Sicknes, Riches and  
 ' Poverty, and those Things we have been speaking of,  
 ' are in their Nature neither good nor Evil, but happen  
 ' indifferently to all Men.' We plainly see, (said  
 I) this is a necessary Consequence from what you have  
 been saying; yet, methinks, I am not yet fully con-  
 firmed in this Opinion. ' This (concluded he)  
 ' is because you are not yet thoroughly accustomed to  
 ' think on this Subject. For this Reason, I earnestly  
 ' conjure you, that you would follow these Precepts  
 ' through your whole Life, and by fixing them in your  
 ' Minds, and by frequent Practice, reduce them into  
 ' Habits. If you should yet have any Doubts about  
 ' what I have told you, return to me, and I will en-  
 ' deavour to remove them, and confirm you in the  
 ' Truth of what I have now explained.'

F I N I S.





